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THE BYSTANDER March 29, 1939

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The Bystander

Monsieur and Madame Lebrun

The state visit of the President of the French Republic and his wife and his Foreign Minister was the most important home event of last week. A full programme of traditional kind—City luncheon (p. 446), reception by Parliament (p. 447), Embassy banquet (p. 451), Covent Garden ballet gala (pp. 448-9), visit to Windsor (where this picture was taken)—passed off without incident, while the variety entertainment at the India Office (p. 447) was a highly successful novelty. The Marseillaise—equivalent a hundred years ago of to-day's Communist Internationale—was everywhere played and honoured. The President of the Republic, in his quiet civilian clothes, was everywhere warmly received; and the national newspapers were enlighteningly divided into those who gave pride of place to the cordial happenings at home, or to the menacing happenings in Central Europe

Arrival: *the State procession, bringing the President and the King from Victoria Station to the Palace, moves out of Whitehall into Trafalgar Square. In the first carriage sits M. Lebrun, the King, the Dukes of Gloucester and of Kent; in the second carriage sit their wives. A King's Escort of Life Guards accompanies them*

In Guildhall: *M. Lebrun acknowledges the address read by the Recorder. Behind him, diplomats and M. Bonnet; to his right, the Corporation; to his left, Ministers and councillors and, among those sitting, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Primate, the Prime Minister. The Lord Mayor sits between M. and Mme. Lebrun*

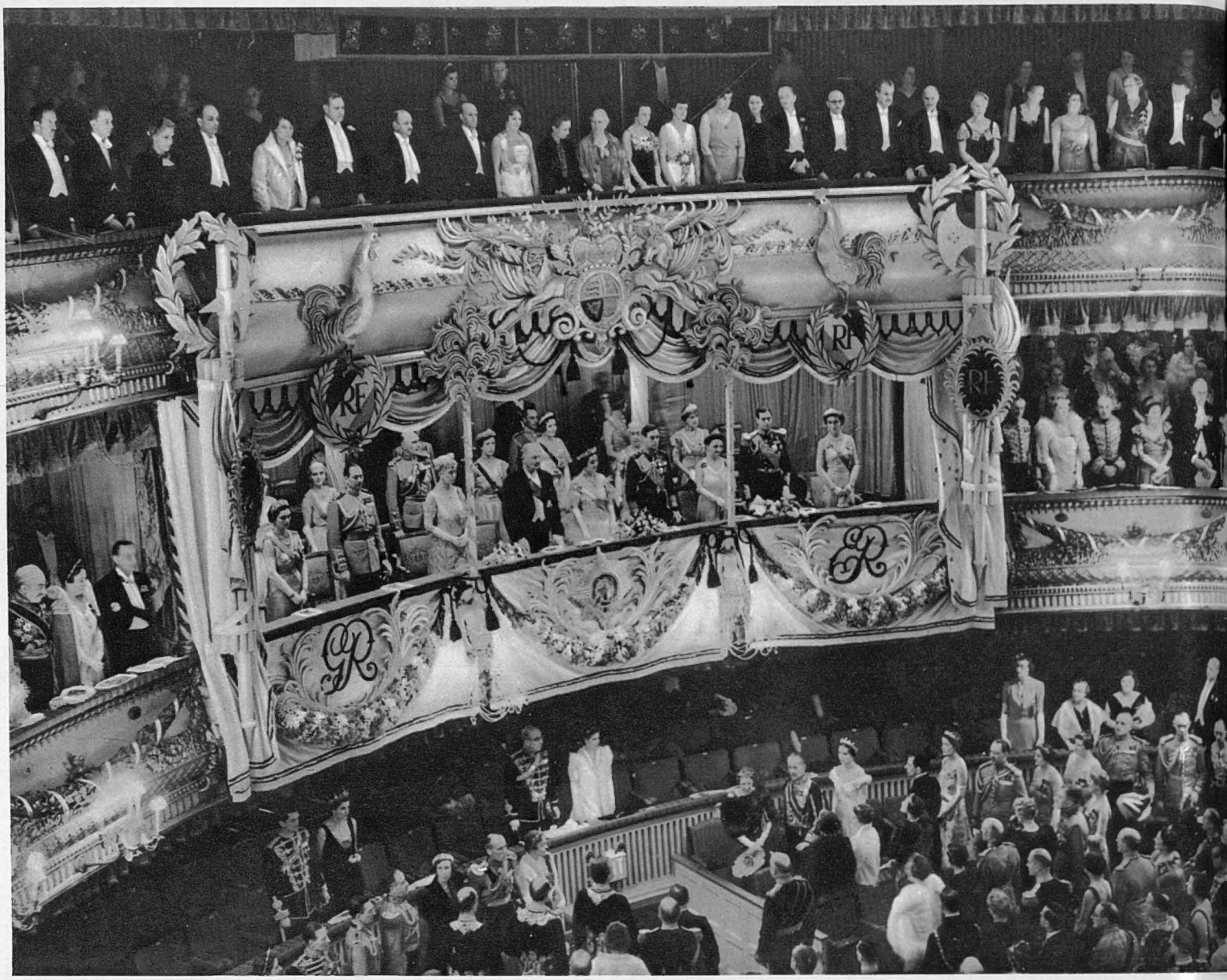
In Westminster Hall: the national anthems are played while the company stands. Behind the President and Mme. Lebrun are Lord Ancaster (Lord Great Chamberlain) and Sir Philip Sassoon (First Commissioner of Works). On the left stands Lord Maugham, who presented the Lords' address; on the right Captain FitzRoy, who presented the Commons'

The State Visit

The City, the Legislature and the Foreign Office Entertain

On Tuesday of last week the French President and Mme. Lebrun arrived from Calais-Dover at Victoria, were met by their royal hosts, and drove in state to Buckingham Palace. On Wednesday they visited proud finance in the City, were entertained by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, when addresses were read and an enormous meal served. On Thursday morning they were the guests of both Houses of Parliament in Westminster Hall, when the Legislature and the Justiciary took its turn to read addresses and listen to the President's reply. That evening, after a banquet given by Lord and Lady Halifax at the Foreign Office, an Anglo-French variety entertainment was given in the transformed court of the India Office. After which, M. Sacha Guitry, who took part, permitted himself to say what Monsieur Lebrun could not, but may well have thought as he steamed back to France on Friday morning: "C'était splendide! C'était magnifique! But I am very tired"

In the India Office: after an entertainment consisting of sketches and extracts, Miss Edith Evans spoke the epilogue and the curtains were slowly drawn to reveal this tableau of English soldiers defending France, and vice-versa

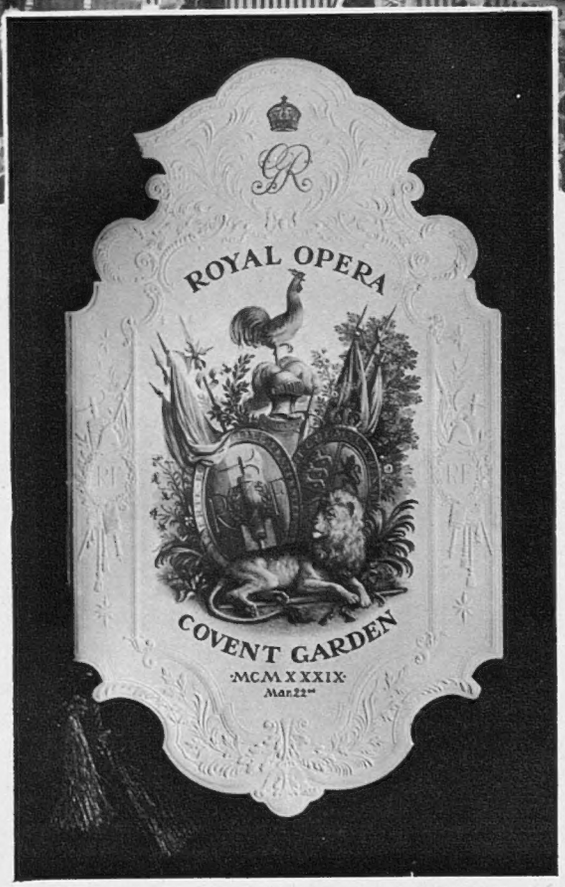


***The scene** at the Royal Opera House was one of stately brilliance. On the left of the royal box can be seen a part of that reserved for the Diplomatic corps; on the right that for H.M. Ministers, with Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain at the royal end, Major and Mrs. Attlee at the other end. The back-cloth to this dazzling scene, in many minds, was the dark Baltic through which Hitler steamed to his Memel*

The State Visit

English Ballet at Covent Garden

***The royal box,** decorated outside with yellow velvet trimmed in white, gold and silver, contained (front row) the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Queen Mary, Monsieur Lebrun, the King and Queen, Madame Lebrun, the Duke and Duchess of Kent; (second row) Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, the Princess Royal, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise*



The programme *for the performance of "The Sleeping Princess" by the Vic-Wells company contributed not a little to the splendour of the evening: it was designed by Rex Whistler, who has shown on the cover the French chanticleer cock of the roost, while the British lion takes it easy below*

The Queen *wore, for the banquet at the French Embassy and the ballet at the Royal Opera House, a dress that drew universal praise; white tulle with a bodice embroidered in gold sequins, a crinoline skirt in three tiers, powdered with sequins.* ***Queen Mary*** *wore gold brocade*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

At last British foreign policy has been fundamentally altered. Appeasement has gone; Munich has gone; and in their place something else has to be substituted. At the moment it looks as if a Four-Power consultation will be the thing, between Britain, France, the Soviet, and Poland. The Soviet actually would prefer a Six-Power conference, adding Rumania and Yugoslavia. But whichever plan is adopted, it is obvious that some kind of common front will have to be formed against aggressor nations. This may sound a nice new idea, but it is simply our old friend Collective Security all over again.

After all, what was the League idea of Collective Security? It was simply nothing else but a banding together of peaceful nations against a mad dog. This was derided by responsible Tory statesmen, and the League was shattered. But the moment a crisis arises in 1939, it is suddenly discovered that the only possible solution is some form of the League idea.

It is a little ominous, however, that so far Mr. Chamberlain has produced no concrete substitute for his appeasement. It is one thing to "sound" Warsaw and Belgrade and Bukharest, and ask them what they will do if Germany threatens them. It is quite another thing to produce a policy in reply to the inevitable moment when Warsaw, Belgrade and Bukharest "sound" us. It all boils down to the plain question: What will Britain do in the event of further Nazi invasions? As I have said before many times: Poland is the key. Unquestionably the German Army could defeat the Polish Army, but it could not fight a war again on two fronts. The lightning knock-out blow against Paris and London is a possibility, but it cannot be combined with a long, slow war against Poland. There is no such thing as a knock-out blow on those enormous plains, particularly with the menace of the Red Air Force looming in the background. But we cannot ask Poland to take up arms against Germany unless we ourselves categorically guarantee to come to her assistance. It is rather like Bulgaria in 1915. If Berlin can persuade Warsaw that we are untrustworthy, then Germany's Eastern door is secure. But if London can persuade Warsaw that we are trustworthy, then Germany is faced with a double front and the long war which she cannot possibly undertake.

At the moment it is reported that the Soviet Government is prepared to sign a Four-Power Declaration against further aggression if France and Poland also sign. There is still no indication from Warsaw about such a signature. Presumably the Poles want to know what happens after the Declaration. Will there be any action, or will it all be on paper?

The German-Roumanian trade treaty has dropped the ultimatum which caused such a stir last week, but all the same it is a great triumph for Berlin. Roumanian oil is to be exchanged for Czech war material, which presumably does not fit into the German military machine. In effect, Roumania becomes a private client of Germany and enters the sphere of influence of the Axis.

Talking of Roumania reminds me of a superb sentence written by Cassandra a few days ago in the *Daily Mirror*. He was speaking of King Carol, and he mentioned that the King's friendship for Mme. Lupescu had brought him under the disapproval of our respectable pundits. "But if it is a question," Cassandra went on, "of accepting the German criminal way of living or the amorous misdemeanours of a shrewd tough egg, give me the botched love-life every time."

No great fuss has been caused by the German reoccupation of Memel. It obviously was bound to come, and nothing could stop it. As a matter of fact, the Germans have a pretty good case there. Only 13 per cent. of the population was Lithuanian and Jew. The remainder are Teutonic. Memel was founded in 1252 by the Livonian Order, who gave it afterwards to the Teutonic Knights. Naturally one detests diplomacy by ultimatum, but at least in the case of Memel, Germany is on firmer ground than in certain places elsewhere.

The French President's Family

M. Jean Lebrun, son of M. and Mme. Lebrun, Mme. Jean Lebrun, Mme. Freysselinard, M. and Mme. Lebrun's daughter, and her husband, M. Jean Freysselinard, were among the guests at the Buckingham Palace reception which followed the State Banquet. The Banquet was given by the King and Queen in honour of the French President on the evening of his arrival

M. Bonnet and M. Corbin

The French Foreign Minister and the French Ambassador had three busy days, dividing their time between discussions with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax on the international situation, and the various events arranged in M. Lebrun's honour. Here they were leaving the French Embassy for the State Banquet at Buckingham Palace

Ready for the Guests: the Banqueting Table at the French Embassy

One hundred and four places were set in the banqueting hall of the French Embassy when President and Mme. Lebrun entertained the King and Queen on Wednesday of last week, and this is how it looked to Mme. Lebrun and M. Bonnet when they went round to inspect things before the meal of eight courses began. The big vases contained roses and lilies to symbolise the entente: at the back hangs a Gobelins tapestry of the Castle series (Louis XIV.)

SIR ALEXANDER ROGER, chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, has written an interesting letter to *The Times* advocating what he calls a "sit-down economic strike" against Germany. There would be no fuss about it, and no threats, and no truculence. All that would happen would be that the democratic countries would quietly say to German traders: "We are sorry, but we are not interested in your line of goods." If this was extended on the lines of the famous Black List during the last war, German export trade would automatically vanish, and with it would vanish her chance of buying raw materials for armaments. The United States have already taken a long step in this direction with their lightning decree of 25 per cent. Excise Duty on almost all German goods.

M. and Mme. Maisky

The Soviet Ambassador and his wife sat in the front row of the Corps Diplomatique box at the State Performance at Covent Garden, to watch the English revival of "The Sleeping Princess," the Tchaikovsky ballet which was first performed at a gala rehearsal before the Imperial Court of Russia in 1890

IT seems unlikely that there will be conscription. The Government is trying to unite the country and Parliament on foreign affairs, and it would be fatal for such unity if the issue of conscription were raised at this moment. The Trades Unions have a profound suspicion of compulsory service. They believe that it would only be applied to the workers and not to what are called the upper classes, and they have always felt strongly that conscription of labour, if it must come, ought to be combined with conscription of profits. And the present Government is hardly likely to do anything as drastic as that.

THE appointment of the Reverend John Lowe to be Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, is a milestone in the story of the Rhodes Scholars. Mr. Lowe is the first of them to be appointed head of a great Oxford College. He succeeds Dr. Williams, formerly Headmaster of Winchester, and now to be Bishop of Durham. And that reminds me of an odd thing, by the way. Dr. Alington, former Headmaster of Eton, is Dean of Durham. Let us hope that the friendship between the two schools will extend into the higher ranks of the Church.

ANOTHER Rhodes Scholar who is in the limelight at the moment is Major Gladstone Murray, D.F.C., M.C. (and he would have been a D.S.O. as well if he hadn't played a hand at stud-poker for the medal, when it was awarded to his squadron, and lost). When Major Murray was at the B.B.C., he spent years trying to make the pundits of Portland Place Empire-conscious. Now he is the head of the Canadian Broadcasting Company, and he is handling all the broadcasts in connection with the Royal visit. But the other day Portland Place suddenly became super-Empire-conscious, and announced that they were going to send an official to Canada to look after the programmes of the Royal visit. Major Murray, with his bland smile, has declined the generous offer.

THE two main recommendations of the Committee on the Control of Flying seem to be that airmen should not advertise commercial products by sky-writing, and should do everything in their power to avoid frightening elephants. Elephants are temperamental creatures, and are apt to stampede if aeroplanes fly too near them. And, as Kipling pointed out, a frightened elephant is the most dangerous thing in the world.

FINSBURY is going ahead with its underground shelters, even though Sir John Anderson disapproves of them. The Austin Motor Company has practically completed its A.R.P. scheme, which provides deep shelters for 5000 workers, and it is beginning a second scheme which will provide for another 10,000. In the meanwhile, two deep dug-outs have been made for Government officials under Whitehall.

ONCE again there is trouble on the Border between England and Scotland. Centuries ago there used to be an endless succession of raids and counter-raids backwards and forwards. They have started again. The Border magnates on the Scottish side are complaining bitterly in the House of Lords that they are suffering from a dangerous invasion of English rabbits, and they want something done about it. The Earl of Leven and Melville, however, was careful to point out that there is a definite distinction between English rabbits and English tourists. The latter, he said, bring money with them, and he did not want them stopped at the same time as the rabbits.

THE first-class golf season has started, and Cambridge has duly defeated Oxford. I doubt if there will be an American invasion this year, as the Walker Cup is not played for in 1939, and our professionals go to America for the Ryder Cup. So it ought to be what is usually called, for some reason, "a domestic year on the links."

I SUPPOSE I ought to say something about the annual jamboree of the rowing boys. It is going to be worse than ever this year, because the Boat Race is going to be televised, so we may not escape it altogether as we have so successfully done in the past. Modern science is full of horrors.

A CORRECTION

In our issue of March 15, we published a photograph of Lady Bridget Elliot, stating that she is the debutante daughter of the Earl and Countess of Haddington. This is incorrect. Lady Bridget Elliot is the elder of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Minto. We much regret this mistake.

Countess Beauchamp and the Lady Claud Hamilton

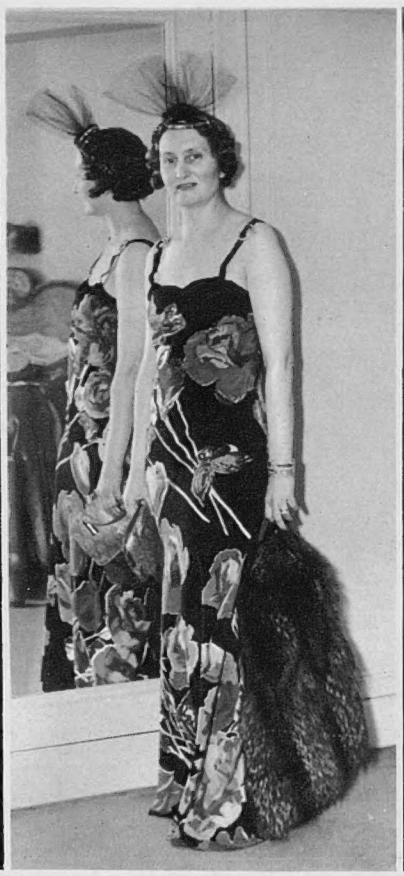
The Hon. Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. Robert O'Brien

The Earl and Countess of Lytton

At the Covent Garden Gala

Few medals and Court breeches and tiaras were left in storage last week during a State visit in whose splendour rank was observed and honoured and traditional pageantry was fully played up. Of the countless camera-worthy personalities whom the harassed press-photographers found and took, we have chosen ***Lady Beauchamp,*** *Danish-born peeress, whose husband recently succeeded his father, and* ***Lady Claud Hamilton,*** *whose husband is Comptroller to Queen Mary;* ***Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien,*** *he in the dress uniform of the Royal Ulster Rifles, she (Lord Decies' daughter) with a modest star in the hair;* ***Lord and Lady Lytton,*** *arriving at the Garden, he in Privy Councillor's uniform;* ***Mr. and Mrs. Eden,*** *arriving at the French Embassy;* ***Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld,*** *who with her husband was staying at the Dorchester; and* ***Lady Cadogan,*** *in powder-blue satin and red roses*

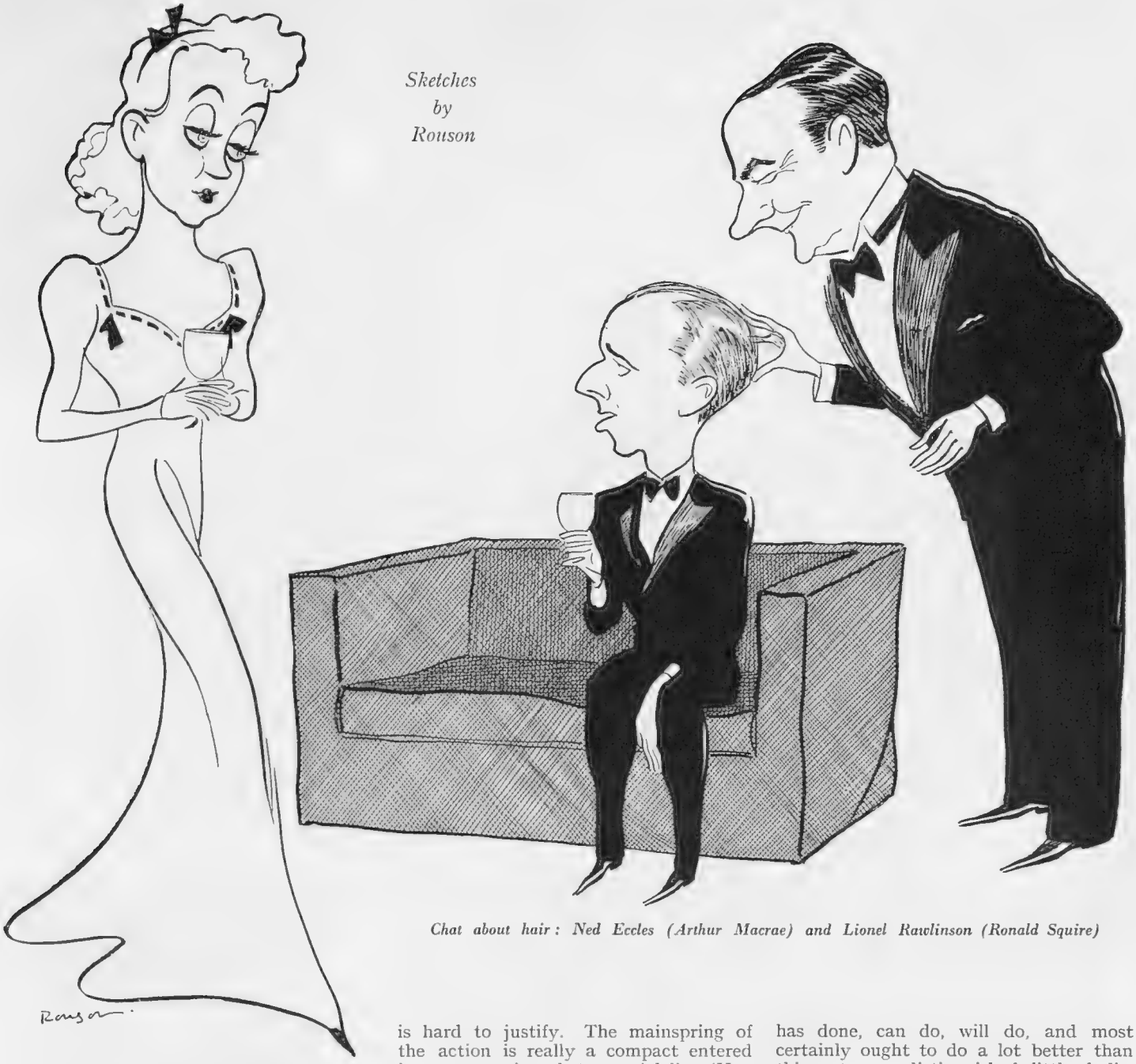
The Rt. Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Eden



Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld

The Countess Cadogan

Sketches by Rouson



Chat about hair: Ned Eccles (Arthur Macrae) and Lionel Rawlinson (Ronald Squire)

Writer—and teller—of fairy-stories: Sweet Adeline (Kay Hammond)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Sugar Plum" (Criterion)

SOMETHING seems to have gone wrong in the composition of this light comedy. To begin with, there is the title, *Sugar Plum*—why *Sugar Plum*? Because, we learn early in the evening, Adeline Rawlinson, the heroine, is the author of a popular series of stories for tots called the *Sugar Plum Stories*. But why does she write these stories? They have nothing to do with the plot of the play, they are merely referred to en passant, and their claim to the biggest type in the billing outside the Criterion is hard to justify. The mainspring of the action is really a compact entered into on marriage between Adeline (Kay Hammond) and Lionel (Ronald Squire) to keep no love-secrets from one another. Lionel has a flutter in Paris, and does not tell Adeline; which having been informed of by nosey-parker relatives, and desiring to hear the truth from his own lips, she announces to him that she is having an affair with Ned (Arthur Macrae), believing that her "confession" will be bound to elicit a quid pro quo.

IN this belief she is temporarily disappointed. Complications ensue owing to the fact that Ned, whose name as a lover she has taken in vain, is secretly engaged to her husband's secretary (Louise Riviere), and that, after a few drinks, a transitory affection does spring up. There is a flight by night to Ned's flat, with occupation of separate beds and headaches in the morning. All of which, what with pyjamas and presents of jewellery to wives by husbands returning from peccadilloes, is in the Criterion, if not the highest Criterion, tradition. Mr. Macrae has done, can do, will do, and most certainly ought to do a lot better than this not very distinguished little frolic, which seems to cry out for a try-out and then back to the drawer.

SUCH a good cast, too. Kay Hammond, the most glamorous grizzler on the stage, but this time with not enough grizzling to do. Agnes Lauchlan, than whom what more exquisite artist in stupidity, but, diverting as she is again, we see too little of her. Ronald Squire, that past-master in bad behaviour, but, badly as he behaves, we cannot help recalling the happy occasions on which we have seen him behaving worse. George Howe, always able to make a lot out of something, and something out of nothing, which he does this time. And Arthur Macrae himself, a little under the weather of his own play, but nice in his cups.

All of whom I should like to see in Mr. Macrae's next—which, I suggest, should be the play he meant to write this time when he invented a heroine who wrote *Sugar Plum Stories*. On whom, I take it, the action will entertainingly hinge.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I thought I'd use the toothpaste, Sir—we're right out of icing"

"INFANTRY TRAINING," that delicious manual, hasn't been our favourite bed-book for so many years that we were quite prepared to believe the newly-published 1939 edition was full of French pictures, with a crossword-puzzle, a serial story, and a comic-strip thrown in. Actually, we gather from a chap who has perused it, the big human feature is the Form Threes evolution, which the whole Army is officially adopting next month in the place of the old Form Fours, which took much longer, and often involved more crossness and bad language than well-bred persons would deem possible. Form Threes, which took one of the high-up brasshats a week to work out, in clear literary English—and if you think we're looking down our nose, just try describing that rope-knot known as the Clove Hitch in a simple English sentence—has already been adopted by the Grenadiers, and is so obviously smarter, easier, quicker and more efficient than the old way, that we don't wonder it has taken the War Office a hundred years to discover it. The two other sensations of what ought to be the Book of the Month—being vastly more readable than 90 per cent. of the septic tripe the booksy boys recommend—are the new Fix-Bayonets order and the new Sword Salute. Fixing bayonets in 1939 means that the awkward soldier can keep his eye on what he is doing, instead of staring like a glazed dummy to his front and trusting to luck. The new sword salute eliminates the downward sweep before bringing the blade upright, making two movements instead of three.

Adding to all this the enormous mechanisation of the Army since our time, we deduce that the *tempo* of the next war will be much quicker in every way; but we'd still like to know if anything is being done to let the Staff know, during a major operation, what it's all about—who's in it, for example, and where, and why, and so forth. We're not "getting at" the Staff in the late war; their bemused but elegant vagueness was part of their charm, the beauty of their slim, brilliant, exquisitely-booted legs made up for any technical shortcomings, and the dirtiest, most fed-up, most battered, most exhausted subaltern of the Line was the first to admit it was right they should be chosen for their social eligibility. All the same, we gather that the next war will be a rather brutal and breathless one, unlike the 1914-18 picnic, and we'd just like to feel, when the time comes, that the Staff boys know what's going on, in a broad way.

Bohemian

COMMEMORATING the recent centenary of the birth of Cézanne, the French Republic is issuing a special stamp, which seems to show that the French think more highly of Cézanne than British art-critics do, judging by the tempered enthusiasm of some of their tributes a little time ago. We know the reason for this. Cézanne was not a real genius as Chelsea counts it. What we mean is that Cézanne's life was not one long alluring Bohemian brangle of mistresses and debts and drink and dope and brawling and violence and double-crossing and general piracy and "self-expression," and compared with Monet or Manet or Gauguin or Modigliani or Utrillo or (to switch to the poets) Verlaine or Arthur Rimbaud, or (to switch back to the Lesser Vertebrata) the least important of the Chelsea boys, Cézanne was just a wet smack or the village grocer: a frightful bourgeois, who loved his wife and family and lived a humdrum life and went to Mass. How a chap can be a genius who does that sort of thing, instead of living with fifteen half-crazy women at once and golloping absinthe for breakfast out of the coal-scuttle, Heaven only knows, but the French apparently consider Cézanne one, and of some importance.

We wouldn't mention the matter at all but for a frightful thing we heard in a Chelsea pub the other night, full of chaps with beards, real and fake; namely, that numbers of the Art boys nowadays are secretly sidestepping La Vie Bohémienne, drinking tea at teatime, living with their own wives, and otherwise letting the side completely down. Don't quote us as saying this.

"But the packet distinctly said 'grass seed'"

Vision

THE great Don John of Austria, if any noise of earthly traffic reaches him in his happy place, God forbid, must be fingering his brave curled beard in

sardonic amusement at the news from Cairo, where the University students have gone on strike over certain references to Islam in Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan*, which engaging non-historical fantasy is apparently their English Literature textbook this year. For if Don John had not so thoroughly drubbed the hordes of Mahound at Lepanto in 1571 and saved all Christendom, a strike of this kind might not impossibly be taking place to-day among the fezzed and slippered students of Oxford, chanting the Koran through their nose and obeying the muezzin's call from Magdalen Minaret. If you think this a bit whimsy, recollect what a Spanish Ambassador in London at this period said of our English nobility, namely that if ordered by their Sovereign to turn Mahometan he believed they would do so to a man and on the spot. Recollect also that Good Queen Bess was a broadminded girl who would not have hesitated to marry the Grand Turk himself if it had suited her peculiar book. So it is amusing to visualise—had the Turk won at Lepanto and overrun and held most of Europe—the kind of England we might be living in now; the learned dervishes shuffling round Oxford and Cambridge; the veiled wives of each Cabinet Minister—we 're a conservative race—waddling down Whitehall; the imams, complaining probably of their empty mosques; the Nubian guards outside the women's clubs; the bodies bobbing down the Thames in sacks; the bubbling narghilehs in the Piccadilly bazaars, the early camel-riders in the Row, the long galleys off Portsmouth manned by Irish Christian slaves (Ireland would naturally have stuck out, being "awkward" by nature), the lateen sails racing under the Blue Crescent ensign each summer at Cowes . . . a fascinating vision.

The names of the Grand Vizier and the Chief Imam would be Mustafa M'Tavish Pasha and Ismet MacWhirter Pasha, incidentally.

Maelstrom

EVERY sailor who knows (and fears) Portland Race will agree that the chap who was caught in that hell-brew the other day with a 13-ton cutter and rescued by a steamer just in time was lucky not to have had his subsequent Press-photographs attached to an obituary. The Race, a well-known devil, has swallowed tall ships of thousands of tons without even licking its lips. Those huge evil tides which roar and boil and leap and jumble three miles off Portland Bill (once an island, with a strait for these furious waters to pour through freely) have been called by Mr. Belloc, a stout and experienced sailor, the Master-Terror of the watery world. "Their purpose," he says, "is to kill," and we have heard other sailors, amateur and professional, speak with shudderings of this Race and their near escapes from death. By cutting a simple canal and making Portland Bill an island again, this perpetual danger to mariners could be nullified, but nobody in authority has yet thought of doing this. Having escaped death in Portland Race, the sailor running eastward down the coast has still to face St. Alban's Race, a relatively minor devil, but a ferocious one; having got through which with some difficulty, a companion of the same great sailor, poet, and master of English Prose was so elated that, on getting ashore, he wrote in the visitors' book of a nearby pub—

I made my passage through St. Alban's Race
And came to anchor in this bloody place.

Which made the landlord very angry, for he was a decent man, and another poem had to be substituted.

Chaps who lounge on snow-white decks with the rich at Cowes, or wamble to and fro in the Broads, miss hairy thrills like these, and so do those who sail the Blackwater and the Essex creeks, though they esteem themselves, God knows, a hardy race, and put on no small airs in the pubs of East Mersea and Brightlingsea and round about. Nevertheless, we esteem the amateur sailor above every other sportsman, for the sea and its dangers initiate a man into certain high and noble mysteries, despite himself. Not so cricket, that blue-eyed cretin-dance.

Surprise

BLINKING a rheumy but ever-benevolent old eye at the Fitness Racket, which seems to us as clean as *Punch* and twice as comic, we observe to our surprise that it seems to be an oculists' benefit as well. Two or three big spectacled girls were among those doing their daily dozen under the commanding Nordic eye of Frau Scholtz-Klink in London recently; spectacled youth in profusion decorated recent Fitness Rally. One of the more graceless columnist boys suggested the other day that many Fitness Girls need spectacles in order to distinguish their legs from their muscles, which may be true. Alternatively, the solution may be found in that remark of the poet Ogden Nash, who alleged some time ago that the girl who is bespectacled never gets her nectacled; which fact might possibly be an incentive to constantly touching her toes, or (in the case of a sick or feeble Fitness Girl) having them touched by officials detailed for that purpose.

It may be also that spectacles are worn here and there by order of the Council to counteract the oppressive effect of moronism *en masse*—a trick long ago adopted at the Universities and also in Bloomsbury. The expression of preternaturally owlish wisdom glasses confer on almost any wearer (even us) doesn't seem to us to chime very elegantly with bulgy muscles and a fierce expression, but obviously it 's just a matter of getting used to, as the Marquise said of her husband's habit of lowing like a calf.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Now I 'm expecting great things from you fellows to-day"

Films of the Day

More Medicos: a Series Begins

By George Campbell

Lew Ayres has been one of Hollywood's mysteries. The impression he made in *All Quiet on the Western Front* was unforgettable. But that was way back in 1931, and since then he has been putting a brilliant future steadily behind him. Not that there was anything wrong with Mr. Ayres. He is still young—only thirty-one; he is uncommonly handsome, in a square-chinned, typically American way, and quite beautifully built, with the broad shoulders and slim waist and flat hips of a boxer; and, given the chance, he can be a very good actor.

The trouble is, he has not been given the chance. By bad luck or bad management he has appeared in a succession of films the very names of which indicate their quality: *Don't Bet on Love, My Weakness, She Learned About Sailors, Let's be Ritzy, Silk Hat Kid, Lady be Careful* . . . but the story is too familiar to need repeating. It is enough that Hollywood, which is always moaning about the difficulty of discovering new stars, has done its level best to kill one of the most promising of the old ones. It happened that Mr. Ayres survived it all—just; and now he has made a come-back in the title-role of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Young Dr. Kildare*.

A doctor's life is, in the nature of things, dramatic. He sees human nature in the raw, racked with pain, face to face with death and the eternal miseries and mysteries; and he would be a fool if he did not acquire an uncommon insight into character. That is probably why so many doctors, from Sir Thomas Browne to Somerset Maugham, Axel Munthe and Albert Gervais, have written well. For the same reason, a doctor's work is first-class material for drama; and yet, except for *Private Worlds* and *Men in White*, I can recall no film that showed the faintest interest in hospital life, except as a background for a murder mystery or a little petting between the handsome new interne and the platinum-blonde nurse.

Young Dr. Kildare is not a great picture, but it tells an interesting story, and it has been made with a sincerity that commands respect. Your sympathy is engaged at the beginning, when the elderly country doctor and his wife eagerly await the home-coming of their doctor son, who is to aid his father and one day take his place. But the son, devoted to his parents, has to make the old decision, knowing that it will empty their lives of half their joy. The father may be happy doing the useful work of a country G.P. The son has other ambitions. He wants to become a great specialist, and to do that he must go through the hospital mill.

The hospital in *Young Dr. Kildare* is typically American—about fifty storeys high, glittering white, the last word in efficiency, with loud-speakers in every room ("Calling Dr. Kildare . . . calling Dr. Kildare"). Here the young interne, with a genius for diagnosis, treats a young woman who has tried to kill herself, and in doing so runs up against a famous specialist and the superintendent. For a time it looks as if he will be driven, after all, back to the small town and the drudgery of a G.P. But he makes a friend, the crippled, bitter-tongued veteran (Lionel Barrymore), and the young doctor's first problem is worked out, convincingly enough, to a happy ending. I say first problem because, encouraged by the success of *Young Dr. Kildare* (and, I dare say, by the vast popularity of the Hardy series), M.-G.-M. have planned a Kildare series. I, for one, shall look forward to them.

There is death, too, in *Topper Takes a Trip*, but it is all very whimsy and comical, if your tastes run that way. Perhaps you saw *Topper*—all about the young couple who are killed in a car smash, and decide that their reception at the Pearly Gates would be more cordial if they could boast of at least one good deed on earth. In *Topper Takes a Trip*, the female ghost—Constance Bennett—continues the good work, again at the expense of poor little Topper (Roland Young), whose wife is divorcing him as a result of his having occupied a hotel bedroom with the lovely ghost. If you did not see *Topper*, the sequel may be mildly amusing. If you did, the reliance on the same tricks—the bewilderment of a taxi-driver when his cab drives itself to the Casino, and of waiters when a solitary gentleman carries on a conversation and consumes two glasses of champagne simultaneously—makes *Topper Takes a Trip* thin and repetitious.

The authors of *Hard to Get* have performed the feat, not unprecedented, of producing a script without a single new idea. The young architect reduced to running a petrol station, his brush with the up-stage young woman from Park Avenue who wants to charge up ten gallons of petrol to her oil-king father, her attempt to get even with him, when he makes her work it out, by pretending to be nice and taking an interest in his plan for building a chain of service stations right across the Continent—you have met every character, every twist, almost every line, a hundred times before. This doesn't prevent Charles Winninger, Melville Cooper (as his butler), Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland from playing their nonsensical parts as if they almost believed in them, and with what the trade calls popular audiences the film should be a success.

So, I suppose, will be *The Gang's All Here*, starring Jack Buchanan as an insurance detective married to a dumb blonde (Googie Withers). From this *Thin Man* opening gambit we proceed to adventures with American gangsters, based on the assumption that Mr. Buchanan can pose as one of the toughest and get away with it. Personally, I like even farce to have some pretence to originality, and (still more important) credibility. The horror of the curate at being compromised with the vicar's wife is only funny if the characters are tolerably real, the situation remotely possible. There is little in *The Gang's All Here* that is new, and that little doesn't ring true, and so I must reluctantly write it down as one more slice of other men's meat that I couldn't manage to swallow.

"Topper Takes a Trip"

Just as the late Thorne Smith's second Topper book was a re-count of the humorous situations in the first, so are the films of the books. "Topper Takes a Trip" (Odeon), with Roland Young as Topper and Constance Bennett as the amoral amorous ghost, is therefore funny if you didn't see "Topper." Reviewed here

Vandamm, New York

Tallulah Bankhead Gets Home

Eight years ago the highly-charged, golden-haired daughter of the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives went back to her country after making a reputation of star rank here. And English who had fought to sit and be thrilled by her personality and acting in *They Knew What They Wanted, Her Cardboard Lover, Camille,* could not believe that her compatriots were unconvinced about her. But though America never denied her talent it had never seen her in a successful play. Now this has happened. *The Little Foxes,* by Lillian Hellman, is a tale of a grasping Southern family of the 1900's, and as its most venomous member, Tallulah Bankhead has made a smash-hit. When you go over to see the World Fair you must not miss *The Little Foxes*

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Swing Without Jam

THE jitterbugs have been betrayed. It 's all pretty sad—in fact, it 's terrible. For the betrayer is none other than Benny Goodman, their idol and their king. This excellent musician, leader of a hot swing band, shows in a recent article in *Colliers* that he could do nicely without his more violent enthusiasts. He describes the first jitterbug he ever saw. This historic event took place in Kansas City in 1934. Benny and the manager held a conference, debating whether to send the gentleman, whirling like a whirling dervish, to an alcoholic ward or put him in a strait-jacket. Benny got cold chills, thinking his music had a touch of Mad Ophelia in it.

But thereafter he met the jitterbugs in many, many places. The jitterbugs stole everything portable from the band, and applauded in all the wrong places as well as the right. The band had to play louder and louder to be heard over the noise. The boys and girls danced in the aisles at the Paramount motion picture house, yelled at the Carnegie Hall concert till the best numbers were wrecked, and the concert in Boston turned into such an attack of mass hysteria that Benny turned on the audience of 3000 and shouted at them, " For heaven's sake, shut up ! "

Later the Waldorf used the lure of the Goodman band to bring the young people into its somewhat overpowering elegance. A dowager, resplendent in evening gown and jewels, came in to listen and went home to change to street clothes, returning in what she thought more suitable attire. Swing is one thing, and jitterbugs another. Harvard University is collecting swing records but nobody wants the jitterbugs.

The worst place to have a jitterbug is in your own home. I 've had one around who almost drove me mad. Leaving college because it interfered with his music—he wanted to play the drum—he would sit before me, head lolling like an imbecile's, lank blond hair falling in his eyes, mouth open, while he swung his foot hour after hour and tapped with drum-sticks on the side of the upholstered chair ; no sound, but he, like the poet, may have been hearing the music of the celestial spheres. Anyway, he could not be still. He had a jam session all by himself, poor lad ! The unsocial nature of the jitterbugs' dancing is one of the most terrifying things, that and the awful expression of boredom or even of agony while their legs whirl apparently under their own volition. The psychologists will be writing about this some day.

Gilbert and Sullivan go to Town

THE *Swing Mikado* has arrived, and the *Hot Mikado* will be here soon. Gilbert and Sullivan are certainly going to town. In fact, they 're in the groove. The W.P.A. *Swing Mikado* has been running in Chicago for six months. A commercial production will soon compete with it here. Harry Hopkins, former W.P.A. administrator, now Secretary of Commerce, attended the New York premiere and was asked about the complaint that the Government production was competing with business. He said that this show made $70,000 in Chicago, hence the complaint about competition ; while if it had lost $70,000 there would have been complaints about the Government throwing away money on Federal arts' projects.

The *Swing Mikado* follows the Gilbert and Sullivan plot and words, but some of the music takes on a " jive " quality. The cast is coloured and the costumes have a South Sea Island effect. Much of the music is played straight, but some of the songs take very nicely to the embroideries of swing. In fact, there is now much complaint that there is not enough swing in the production.

Thank God for Eleanor!

MRS. ROOSEVELT was also in the audience at the *Swing Mikado's* opening. The President's wife has put on weight of late ; how she could do it while commuting between New York and Washington, making speeches, writing a daily column, receiving at the White House, etc., is more than anyone can understand. But it is vastly becoming, giving her a slight but pleasant regal quality. At the theatre the other night, when I was sitting near her, the house employees were in a fearful state because she had been given a seat on the front row. Something must be done, they thought, but nothing could be done in the crowded house. My bet is she had the seat reserved in the name of a companion and had no complaints to make.

Her simplicity and good sense and good heart are winning her a great following in this country, even among people who at first thought a President's wife should be a colourless hostess and nothing more. A friend of mine, a great philosopher, said when Franklin D. was first elected to the Presidency : " Thank God for Eleanor ! " She gets around, sees many things, reports back ; probably her friendly discoveries have had their effect on wide-scale decisions. Her daily column, " My Day," with its easy, pleasant references to her husband, may prove politically valuable in building goodwill for the Roosevelts and the democrats.

Society Cruise

THE Normandie came back from Rio, loaded down with Brazilian hats, baskets, dolls and shawls, and American socialites, who seem to have found the cruise a great success. Emlen Davies, daughter of Ambassador Joe Davies, made the trip with her mother, Mrs. Knight Davies, and between them they had twenty pieces of luggage when the ship docked here. Sonja Henie, the ice girl, wore a whole silver-fox coat and carried a mink one as well. The Grand Duchess Marie took the official cruise pictures and escaped the ducking at the Equator because she had crossed the line before and did not need to pay tribute to Neptune again.

At least fifty of the sunburned passengers spent the next evening in Mr. Rockefeller's ship in the sky, the Rainbow Room. The French liner's captain, Pierre Thoreux, had a dinner-party there ; Sonja showed she could dance without her ice skates. Her escort was George Windsor. They danced the Samba, the new Rio importation, which is as violent as anything the jitterbugs dream of. Then all the passengers stepped out and gave an exhibition of the Samba, bouncing up and down like mad for fully fifteen minutes. If all these dance crazes keep up, we should all have good muscles and streamlined figures. Tea-dancing, languishing now these many years, is by way of being revived as well.

This Sport is Still Very Much Alive in America

Robert Taylor and His Horses

Fully in accordance with M.-G.-M.'s policy of getting the handsome young actor a reputation as a tough fellow (as exampled recently at the Empire in " Stand Up and Fight "), Robert Taylor has taken up horse-training on his Northridge ranch. Above, on his pinto Comanche he puts a thoroughbred Arabian through his paces ; left, he takes a spin with his dapple-grey trotter Tops. His next film : " Lucky Night," with Myrna Loy

Chinoiserie : By Suzanne Grotrian

"Bystander" Short Story

Dispossessed

By Ellin Berlin

Illustration by Holland

LUCY HOWARD looked with distaste at her sleek living-room, looked through her French windows at the river a few feet below the balcony. She drew her heavy dark brows together and spoke irritably to her sister, Dolly Brewster: "I hate smart, blonde wood and the East River, Dolly. I hate this place."

Dolly was fair and soft; she hadn't Lucy's smart, tall figure, but they looked alike. They both had the Howard face with its big features, its full lower lip, the face that one sees portrayed with variations over and over again on the walls of ancient houses in England and Scotland. Both women had the assurance of their people who had walked on their own land for generations. But to-day that assurance was shaken; there was a lost look about the sisters.

None of the Howards had been lost: not for two hundred years, anyway. They had contributed no spectacular figure to their country's history, except for the great-great-great-grandfather who had been a singer and the romantic midshipman of 1812. But the long succession of quietly-distinguished Anthony Vane Howards and Peter Van Norden Howards, and their sisters—Lucys and Sophies and Harriets—had given the family an aura of divine right.

"I don't belong in these tidy little rooms," Lucy continued. "I belong in Washington Square. Oh, I know the apartment house will keep me, and if it has to, you, and even Tony, in safety, if not in luxury, for the rest of our days. Although I hear your Harry's business is absolutely booming; and everyone says Tony is a simply brilliant young architect. But I hate that apartment house. It's finished. I saw it this morning, slick and shiny, and ready for all the little two-room, three-room people——"

"But, Lucy," Dolly interrupted, "it's hard for me, too. I grew up there, too. I know you're the oldest, and I'm married, but I have a feeling for the——"

"No, darling; it's different for you and Tony. You've never felt quite as deeply as I do about the family and our house."

There had been Howards in the fine red-brick house since the beginning of Washington Square, and now it was gone, as the Howard lands and the Howard house in Morristown had gone long before.

"Anybody else coming to lunch?"

"Just Catherine."

Catherine Fair was engaged to Lucy's and Dolly's younger brother, Tony. She was the famous Matthew Fair's daughter. But that vast fortune of the early 1900's had collapsed. Matthew Fair had died before he could pull himself out of the depression.

"My, she was lucky," Lucy said, "to be able to sell that house of hers. The money she got for it is all she has left. It's just as well for Tony. He loves her, and you know how peculiar men are about marrying money."

"Tony's a queer boy, anyway. Oh, I know, Lucy. You think I don't understand your feelings about the family and the house and everything—but Tony! Listen, do you know he's thinking of going to build houses for the Johnston Company out in the middle west somewhere and he may actually live there!"

"That's Catherine's influence. She's never really belonged here."

The sisters drew closer together. Lucy might be selfish and difficult about her private claim to tragedy in a situation that concerned the whole family; Dolly might be smug about her marriage to Harry

(Concluded on page viii)

Marcus Adams

The Princesses at the Piano

This picture, taken by Marcus Adams in the music room at Buckingham Palace, is the most recent of the heir to the throne and her sister. Both girls are learning the piano, and Princess Elizabeth, who will be thirteen on April 21st, is quite accomplished; Princess Margaret is still at the aching left-hand stage. For their photographs the Princesses were dressed in pink organdie, with blue sashes. Under the piano sits Duke, the Corgi, a present from their uncle in Paris

On the Riviera

Author

Michael Arlen, here sitting outside the Carlton Bar, will soon be a Riviera celebrity no longer. He and his family are going to settle in Athens. He has lived in Cannes — Villa Bella Vista — for several years

Author's Wife

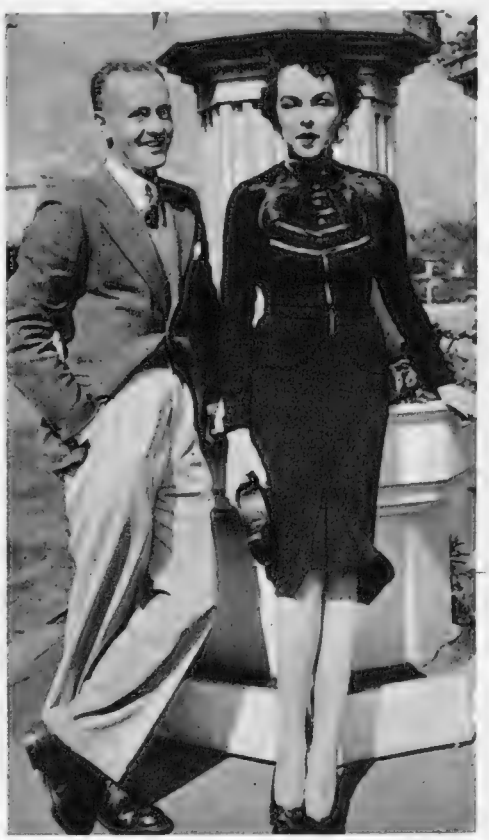
Frau Erich Remarque has been staying in Cannes. Her husband has published nothing since "The Three Comrades," but has an English contract for his next book. His home is now in Switzerland

Follies

Virginia Keighley and Gwen Marlow are two of the lovelies known as the Monte Carlo Follies. They are just as decorative in the morning sunshine as they were the evening before singing and dancing in the Sporting Club spotlights

Dancer

H.H. Princess Augusta of Hesse has joined the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo under the name of Essinsky. The ballet season is due to open on Saturday, April 1st. The snapshot of the Princess is a Cannes one



English and American

Osborne Sanderson Raggio-Browne is with an attractive American, Lee Washington. She is a direct descendant of George Washington, and takes her Christian name from a famous Virginian family

Family Party

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness are two more Cannes visitors, and Mrs. Guinness's son by a former marriage, Roger Frewen, came to see them from Berne where he is an Attaché. His grandfather was the late Moreton Frewen, of Brede Place, a famous Sussex house

In Nassau

Debutantes

Two of the leaders of this year's American debs are seen in the sea at Porcupine Beach: Hope Saunders, whose elder sister Lucy earned the nickname "Luscious Ludie" when she came out; and Marion Oates, of Montgomery, Alabama, daughter of Mrs. Philip Gosler

Deb's Mother and A.D.C.'s Guest

This picture was taken at Lady Williams-Taylor's place, Star Acres, on Canadian Ridge: Mrs. Watriss is Lady Williams-Taylor's daughter and mother of Brenda Frazier, America's No. 1 deb; Peggy Byrne, of Washington, was staying with the mother of Sir Francis Peek, the Governor's A.D.C.

Biarritzer and Britisher

Lord Petre, a Roman Catholic peer who reaches his quarter-century in June, is the companion here of Mrs. Jame O'Malley-Keyes, of the Biarritz family: she was returning thither to open her house before Easter

Yachtsman

Captain Duncan Lawrie earns the title of yachtsman to the fullest; his 36-footer Silver Night, which he is aboard here, carries no auxiliary power or wireless, yet he calmly arrived at Nassau one day after making the 4200 miles from Portsmouth non-stop in 59 days

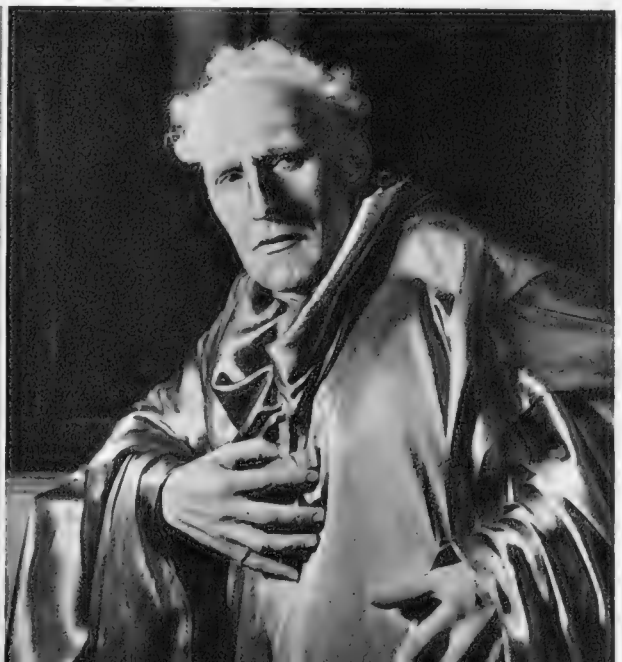
Nassau Hat

Diana Sampson (daughter of Major Noel Sampson), who came out last year, wore a native straw hat and red-and-white striped romper suit in Nassau

The buggy-riders below are the Hon. Brian and Mrs. Lewis, Lord and Lady Essendon's son and daughter-in-law, on protracted honeymoon. She was Mary Duffill before their London wedding last December

"Don Carlos": Tudor Davies and Edith Coates as Don Carlos and Princess Eboli

Verdi's "Don Carlos" was produced at Sadler's Wells for the first time this season, and is one of the most ambitious, as it is one of the most successful, additions to the repertoire. Edith Coates' singing as Eboli was described as magnificent, and Tudor Davies as Don Carlos received high praise. Her parts include Carmen, Fricka in "The Valkyrie," Amneris in "Aida," and she will take, as Thirza, the leading role in Dame Ethel Smyth's "The Wreckers." He has sung this season Faust, the Duke in "Rigoletto," Pinkerton in "Madam Butterfly," Rudolph in "La Bohème," and last night Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana"



"Don Carlos": Jeanne Dusseau as Elizabeth and Roderick Lloyd as the Inquisitor

Below are two more of the cast of "Don Carlos." Jeanne Dusseau (she is Scottish by birth) has her most important parts as Leonora in "Fidelio," and as Madam Butterfly. Roderick Lloyd also sings Mephistopheles in "Faust," Hunding in "The Valkyrie," Sparafucile in "Rigoletto"

"Boris God

Besides the role in which Chaliapin made so tremendous an effect, Ronald Stear has important parts in two operas new to the Wells—King Philip in "Don Carlos" and Baron Ochs in "Der Rosenkavalier." He is also the King in "Aida," the Landgrave in "Tannhauser," Leporello in "Don Giovanni"

Photographs by Anthony

Opera at Sadler's Wells

The Vic-Wells opera company have this winter given their audiences an extraordinarily fine season of music. The most important productions have been the two operas new to Sadler's Wells, *Don Carlos* and *Der Rosenkavalier*, sung, as is the whole repertoire, in English. The two permanent conductors and the two producers were each responsible for one, Warwick Braithwaite and Sumner Austin for the Verdi, Lawrance Collingwood and Clive Carey for the Strauss. There have also been new productions of *Il Trovatore* and *Tannhauser*. A third stranger will be introduced to the repertoire when, on April 19th, Dame Ethel Smyth's *The Wreckers* makes its Wells debut, with Warwick Braithwaite conducting and Sumner Austin producing

off" : Ronald Stear in the Name Part

Arthur Carron, who made his operatic debut in the Vic-Wells company, returned to it after three years at the Metropolitan, New York, to sing Tannhauser. On April 10th he will appear in "I Pagliacci" as Canio, and on April 29th in "Carmen" as Don Jose. Later he goes back to the Metropolitan

"Tannhauser" : Arthur Carron and Joan Cross as Tannhauser and Elizabeth

"Figaro" : Joan Cross as Countess Almaviva

The pure beauty of Joan Cross's voice and her expressiveness, both musically and dramatically, have made her performances in her many roles at Sadler's Wells outstanding during this season. Perhaps her biggest success is as the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"

Arnold Matters, the Australian baritone, is one of the company's leading singers. Don Giovanni, Figaro, Wolfram in "Tannhauser," Wotan in "The Valkyrie," Hans Sachs in "The Mastersingers" are some of his chief parts

"Don Giovanni" : Arnold Matters in the Name Part

Speaight

Miss Yvonne Denson

Yvonne Denson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Denson. Her father is vice-chairman of the Bowater-Lloyd Paper Company. She was presented at the Second Court by Mrs. Archibald Boyle, and wore a copper and cream brocade dress

Tunbridge

The Lady Margaret Boyle

Miss Margaret Hoskin

Margaret Hoskin was photographed just before leaving for the Third Court, nervously waiting at the piano in her ivory satin Empire-style dress and net train. She is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jenner Hoskin, of 112, Harley Street, W.1. Her mother presented her. Her father is the well-known heart specialist

Tunbridge

Miss Anne Sutherland

Anne Sutherland is the second daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. Orr Sutherland, Poona Horse, and Mrs. Sutherland. She was presented at the Second Court by Mrs. Edye Boddam-Whetham, and is being chaperoned for the season by Mrs. Archie Savory. Her sister Susan came out two years ago

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Pamela Gull

Pamela Gull is the only child of Mrs. W. H. Gull, of 30, Victoria Road, W.8, and a niece of Sir Malcolm Perks, Bt. She will be twenty this year, is a keen golfer and skater. She was presented by her mother at the Second Court

Debutantes of 1939

Left: Lady Margaret Boyle is the youngest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, was born in 1920. Her mother presented her at the Third Court. She will be one of the leading debutante Maids of Honour on May 17th at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, of which Lady Glasgow is a patron. Her father's place is Kelburn Castle, in Ayrshire

Miss Joan Debenham

Another debutante who has made her curtsey to the King and Queen is the elder daughter of the late A. S. Debenham, and Mrs. Archibald Debenham, of 23, Wilton Crescent, S.W.1. She was presented by her mother at the Second Court. She came back from Paris shortly before that, is good at games, hunts with the Essex

Miss Veronica Price Harris

Veronica Price Harris is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Price Harris, of 112a, Harley Street, W.1, and Littleholme, Sidmouth, Devon. She also went to the Second Court, when she was presented by Mrs. Fergus Graham

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Vivien Mosley

Vivien Mosley is the only daughter of Sir Oswald Mosley and the late Lady Cynthia Mosley, and is just eighteen. She is staying with her aunt, Lady Ravensdale, in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, for the season, having come back from her Paris finishing school at Christmas. Lady Ravensdale, who is still recovering from her bad hunting accident in January, is giving a dance for her niece on June 8th. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe will present Miss Mosley in July

Rosalind Cubitt is the only daughter of the Hon. Roland and Mrs. Cubitt, of 6, Rutland Gate, S.W.7, and Hall Place, West Meon, Hants., and a granddaughter of Lord Ashcombe. Her mother presented her at the Third Court. To-night Mrs. Cubitt is one of the dinner hostesses for Lord and Lady Esher's dance for their daughter, Priscilla Brett

Miss Rosalind Cubitt

Dorothy Wilding

James Couttet *(France) won the Men's Downhill at Mürren and was fourth in the Slalom, coming second in the combined results to R. Rominger (Switzerland). He belongs to a famous Chamonix family of ski guides*

Maurice Besson *(Megève, France) was fourth in the Downhill and second in the Slalom; in the combined results he was fourth. France took second, third, fourth, sixth and seventh places in the Kandahar*

Willy Steuri *is a famous guide and ski-runner from Scheidegg. He was one of the sixty-three competitors at Mürren, where the Kandahar was run. Formerly the Arlberg Kandahar, the meeting is now to be held alternately at Mürren and Chamonix*

Vittorio Chierroni *(Fiamme Gialle, Italy) was fifth in the combined results—sixth in the Downhill, fourth equal in the Slalom. Five feet of fresh snow made the racing terribly difficult on both days*

The Kandahar at Mürren

Marion Steedman *(Surrey, G.B.), first equal in the Slalom and fourth in the Downhill, won the Women's Kandahar for Great Britain for the first time since Jeanette Kessler won it in 1934. She is only eighteen, has ski-ed for three years, and this was her first championship-class race*

Françoise Matussière *and* ***Christiane de la Fressange,*** *both Ski Club de Paris, were fifth and third in the Women's combined results. Mlle. Matussière was fourth in the Slalom after three British runners. Mlle. de la Fressange was second in the Downhill, fifth in the Slalom. The second day's weather was even worse than the first*

Rudolf Rominger *(St. Moritz, Switzerland) ended a brilliant racing season by winning the Kandahar; he was second in the Downhill and first in the Slalom. He won the World Slalom Championship in Poland in February, and the Parsenn Derby a fortnight later. With him here is his wife*

London Bridge

North, South, East and West, wherever four good players sit down to a game, it's on the cards that Johnnie Walker will be on the table. For there are certain qualities that knowledgeable men naturally look for in a whisky. Maturity, mellowness, delicacy, distinction. And naturally they find them all in Johnnie Walker, because Johnnie Walker is a blend of the finest whiskies—*all* the finest whiskies—that Scotland can distil.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

IN HAWAII ONE DRINKS YWERA..★

...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ The South Sea Islanders distil the spirit Ywera from a sticky juice extracted from the roots of the Dracoena, a plant very much like our beet. But when they're dead-beet, they send their wives for cool, clear, bubbling Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE...THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

Gardener's Chronicle

More Trees and Shrubs

By R. C. Jenkinson

Almond and Anemone

It is not derogatory to the common almond to depose it from first choice in its family, for when writing last week I had not seen Prunus Pollardii at its best in the open. It is, I believe, a hybrid raised spontaneously in Australia and America between almond and peach, and while retaining a flower as large as, or perhaps larger than, almond, it has a deeper pink colour, with crimson markings in the centre.

The only difference between the trees raised in the northern and southern hemispheres was, as far as I could see, that the one opened a few days earlier than the other. Anyhow, as I saw them smothered in bloom they were remarkably beautiful, nor did wide carpets of the variety of anemone blanda, called Ingramii, detract from the scene. Blanda in any of its forms is adorable, but this one is the brightest rich blue of all: it only grows four or five inches tall and if the ground about it is not disturbed by hoeing it will sow itself happily all over the place. Here it was in wide patches, hundred upon hundred, making the perfect foil for the pink of Prunus Pollardii.

Quinces

Various cydonias, as the quinces are called, are just coming into blossom, especially those which are planted against a sunny wall. The tallest of them, C. cathayensis, grows into a big spiky bush, a dozen or more feet high, with white and dark pink flowers rather like apple-blossom. These are followed in autumn by enormous, very heavy pale yellow quinces, which are very decorative, and, incidentally, make an excellent preserve, with plenty of sugar. They weigh down the branches so that sometimes they crack unless staked up.

But the best-known and gayest of cydonias are forms of the scarlet japonica and orange Maulei. Either trained against a wall, or allowed to make rounded bushes of interlacing branches in the open, they flower profusely—white, pink, orange to deep red. Simonii is the deepest in colour, and Cardinalis has the widest flowers, while Knap Hill Scarlet has large cups of soft orange-vermilion. There is a lovely semi-double form called Phylis Moore, with rather large flowers of clear salmon-pink. All have round fruits like small lemons, and seedlings give a pleasant range of colours.

Daphne odora, or indica, or japonica—one and the same plant, unless the last name should refer to the form with a variegated leaf—is much hardier than one imagines. Despite its early flowering, it is quite hardy on a wall or sunny bank, where its pale mauve, deliciously fragrant flowers are a joy. It is rather pleasant to put a group of early yellow daffodils with it. I have got a new one, called Magnificence, whose constitution, good colour, and early-flowering habit—it has been out a fortnight—make it a most valuable trumpet variety. It increases well, so that an investment in a few bulbs is well worth while.

Rhododendrons

While only those who garden in favoured districts in the south and west can enjoy the glistening scarlet flowers of Rhododendron hookeri, Rh. barbatum is more accommodating, and though it will be cut by a bad patch of frost during its flowering season (March), in many seasons it will escape and give us a magnificent display of its blazing deep scarlet coal-balls. You who would grow it must have patience, for it will not be hurried. But it is well worth waiting for, and its sticky, fly-catching buds, hairy foliage, and smooth rosy-brown stems always make it an attractive and distinct plant.

While barbatum will grow 15 ft. tall, Rh. leucaspis at 2 ft. would be a very big specimen: its foliage is dark green and when studded with the flat milk-white flowers with black anthers—"like a shield," as its name implies—it is a most lovely little plant.

Rh. alpinense is another dwarfish early-flowerer of much merit, a cross between ciliatum and moupinense, whose pink buds open pale pink and fade to white. It is hardy—as far as any plant is hardy that braves our March climate, always excepting such as Forsythia and Ribes—and a really attractive, easy little bush.

Rh. sperabile, "to be hoped for," of some three or four feet, gives glorious bells of vivid scarlet with black glands at the base of the corolla—or bell—but needs a sheltered spot in a not-too-cold garden. Never mind: it is easy to grow in any garden where rhododendrons are happy. What, if the flowers are cut one year, can we not wait a season for its scarlet blooms, a colour so rare at this time of year, only to be found, apart from rhododendrons, in anemone fulgens or some of the St. Bridgets or de Caen hybrids.

Now for our last member of this vast family; for March I will take Rh. oreodoxa, "the glory of the mountains"—I give these English translations because it is so much easier to remember a name if one knows what it means. It is remarkably hardy and adaptable, doing well in an upland Scottish garden, as, indeed, it does in the South. It makes a shapely, rather formally rounded bush, up to 10 ft. high, with lighter green narrowly-oval leaves, and has trusses of pinkish-white flowers, rose-pink in bud—a most attractive shrub.

Do not forget that in this family it is not only the flower that counts: the buds are frequently of a deeper colour and most beautiful in themselves, while to my mind the foliage of some is even more valuable in a garden than bud or flower, either for its size and texture, or on account of the lovely tints as it unfolds. Those with the largest leaves belong to the Falconeri and grande series: on Sinogrande I have seen leaves over 2 ft. long and about 8 in. across! Many have a lovely indumentum or felt on the underside of the leaves; in arizelum this felt is fawn at first, turning to a rich cinnamon-brown; in fulvum almost tawny orange, smooth like a buckskin glove. I advise everyone who patronises the Rhododendron Show in early May to look at the class for twelve leaves sewn or glued on to cardboard, where every variation in colour and size can be admired.

From "Flower Portraits" by Blanche Henrey

***The cydonias** or quinces are coming into blossom now, in sunny sheltered places. This one is a lovely semi-double form called Phylis Moore, with rather large flowers of clear salmon-pink*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Old Man River

By V. S. Pritchett

MAX BEERBOHM, I seem to remember, drew a caricature of Henry James in which that monstrous Circumlocution Office of the human sensibility is seen listening at the door of an hotel room. Quite right. There is a cad behind the shirt front of every artist. The friends and relations of artists, the writers of reminiscence about them, cut more decorous figures, unless, like Boswell, they turn "snooping aroun'" into one of the fine arts. They do not eavesdrop. They hear. In Sir Edward Marsh's *A Number of People* (Heinemann and Hamish Hamilton; 15*s*.) another Max Beerbohm drawing illustrates the difference. There sits Mr. Winston Churchill surrounded by the antiquarian curiosities of the Board of Trade, while aloof, slim, elegant and monocled, "Eddie" Marsh stands, transfixed by discretion but with ear well open, at a patient distance.

It has always appeared poetically just to me that Sir Edward should have translated La Fontaine's fables, for he is mildly fabulous himself. Somewhere he himself must be in La Fontaine, and I always mean to look it up. The famous episodes which go from mouth to mouth in London gossip, growing like the Arthurian cycle, are in this book of reminiscence. Here are the overturned canoe at Cambridge, the celebrated drama of the Corsican maquis and a new one, the crowning one so far, in which he lately failed to turn up at Buckingham Palace on the correct day to receive the K.C.V.O. The best stories are those one tells against oneself and Sir Edward is one of those who would regard it as a blasphemy to omit the best stories. The lapses of the elect, and especially of those whose election is due to an unobtrusiveness raised to the point of phenomenon, are always the most satisfying.

Arnold Bennett once said "Hang Eddie Marsh, he 's a miserable fellow; he enjoys everything." In the arts he has been, indeed, prone to the "pash." There was apparently a Gaiety phase. He remains an Edwardian, and to that time his best stories belong. There is Mr. Desmond MacCarthy saying on his birthday when he was a child that he wanted "a bat, a bicycle, etc., and please no little friends to tea"; there is Maurice Baring saying he didn't mind a cold egg, but he didn't like "a bitterly cold egg." And old Lord Brougham saying pensively to a lady who arrived half an hour late for lunch because she had been buying a chandelier: "I once knew a man who bought a chandelier *after* luncheon." And there are Sir Edward's own murmurings:

> Earned increments are sweet, but those unearned
> Are sweeter.

And an indubitable chunk of Milton on the toothbrush, too long to quote. Politics and literature divide the book. The politics concern Mr. Churchill; the literature is Rupert Brooke and the fading covers of the Georgian poets. Sir Edward's tastes dwell within trim, well-cultivated and decided borders.

OF obscurity in writers he makes a good remark which can be applied to the work of Mr. Wm. Faulkner, who has a new novel, *The Wild Palms* (Chatto and Windus; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and is, I think, the most imaginative of contemporary American writers: "By all means write *for* yourself, but do not write *to* yourself." However, it is hard to distinguish between the "for" and the "to." *The Wild Palms* is two separate novels running concurrently. What is the connection between the terrific story of a half-witted convict washed away in a helpless boat on the Mississippi floods and the other obfuscated melodrama about a hard-faced, yellow-eyed woman who runs off with a weak young doctor and eventually dies after an illegal operation? Are we asked to consider the ugly, overwhelming flood of passion in nature and in sex, bearing human beings down like so much débris? Money ruins the couple's chances. They elope on money found in a little basket; brought within sight of starvation, they get jobs in Chicago which exhaust their energy and give them neither time nor will to love; escaping to a mine in Utah, they are defrauded by the company which runs it. Penniless ness makes them try to stop the coming child. As real or interesting characters, the couple are failures—they are anonymous types with a sort of literary gilt painted on them, but their situation, what they do and its relation to society are intricately and massively fascinating. Mr. Faulkner is, above all, a descriptive genius. Someone once told Roger Fry that she thought the figures in a certain Matisse drawing were all wrong and he asked: "But don't you like the spaces between the figures?" It is not individuals but the spaces between people, choked but rich with allusive sensation which Mr. Faulkner gets and his tortuous wordiness actually intensifies and spreads the drama like a ring of fire spreading in all directions in grass. The better writing in this book is in the tremendous description of the Mississippi floods on which the simple convict twirls in his boat day after day, from accident to accident. With its long, jangling sentences which recall Hardy rather than the more obvious Proust—Mr. Faulkner, too, has Hardy's trick melodrama and the uneasy patches of sentimentality this entails—*The Wild Palms* may seem hard to read; but it rewards oftener than it defeats the reader. Things like the picture of Christmas in Chicago and the frozen Utah mine make a mark on the mind.

The dog's attitude towards love remains exactly the same as it was in 6000 B.C.

"How to Raise a Dog in the City and in the Suburbs" is the full title of a new book by James Kinney and Ann Honeycutt (Hamilton). An encyclopædia on every phase of urban dog-life from love to fleas, it is readable and humorous and illustrated by the inimitable Thurber

"UNCLE TOM'S CHILDREN," by Richard Wright (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.), is a book of four long short-stories and is also concerned with the Mississippi country, but entirely with the negroes. Propagandist in intent, the stories are good simplified reporting, especially of negro dialogue, and are exciting narratives. Again the floods come, the levees burst. The frame houses, washed from their foundations, waddle down the streets. And the negroes, pre-condemned for the colour of their skins by a scared white community, fatally and tragically put themselves further in the wrong. High claims are made for Mr. Wright by Mr. Paul Robeson, who says he wishes everyone who has read *Gone With the Wind* would read this book; and it is obvious from the first story, "Big Boy Leaves Home," that Mr. Wright is an artist with his feet in reality.

M. ROGER VERCEL'S *St. Michael Puts His Foot Down* (Harrap; 7*s*. 6*d*.) has not the force of his earlier novels. A man gets a job on Mont St. Michael as an official guide. He loves the place. His wife hates it, and is ashamed of his humble job. Intrigue and cynical figures appear—and, well, you know about the speed of that notorious flood tide. There is some pleasant description.

IN addition the following novels are suggested for the library list:

The Stranger. By Anne Meredith. (Faber; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

F.O.B. Detroit. By Wessel Smitter. (Dent; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Three Men Make a World. By Andrew Mowell. (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

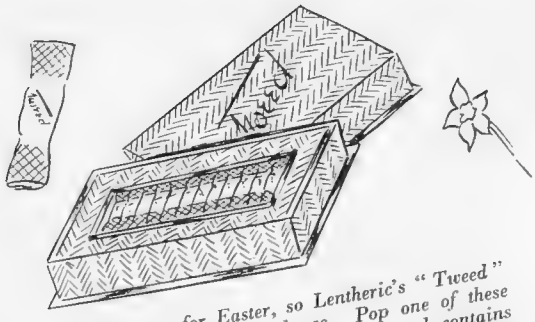
Something exciting and new for the Easter cruise; you will like this suit, too, for wearing at home as a change from tea-gown or dinner-dress. The pyjama-trousers and blouse are separate. Notice the cunning ruched fronts of the trousers. The blouse, short-sleeved, has a neat turn-down collar and fastens with a slide fastener in the front. On top, a short white flannel jacket, bead-embroidered, with shoulders padded to emphasise the slenderness of your hips. (This jacket would do double duty — it could be worn over a plain dinner-frock.) The head-dress matches the pyjamas, and is known as a dervish. You'll find it useful for deck-breezes, becoming whenever you wear it. Ensemble from Marjorie Castle, 55, Grosvenor Street

Seafaring Suits

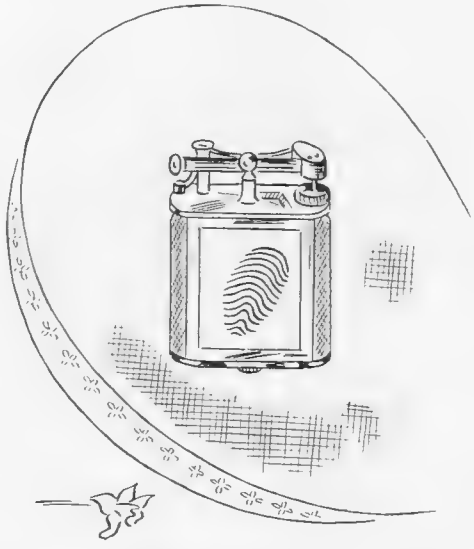
Slacks, shorts, or a skirt are equally popular for the beach this year. The siren on the sea-wall chose an all-in-one wrap-around frock, full-skirted with unpressed pleats. Lillywhite's, Piccadilly Circus and Brompton Road, have it, in navy or scarlet tie silk. The coolie hat is tied on with a matching spotted bandana. For playing at being a water-gipsy there is Walpole's, New Bond Street, two-piece outfit: blue "tweed linen" skirt, with a playsuit of printed cotton to wear underneath. The skirt is cut full with a built-up waist shaped after the fashion of men's trousers. The playsuit printed in a brilliant design of circles and squares, has a low boat-shaped neck finished in front with a little bow. The third outfit—and all of these are as good on the beach as on the briny—is a Jantzen model, and can be bought from leading stores in all the big towns. The gay, domino-spotted playsuit has a cotton-fabric coat to match. very handy on the cruise

Scott Bushe

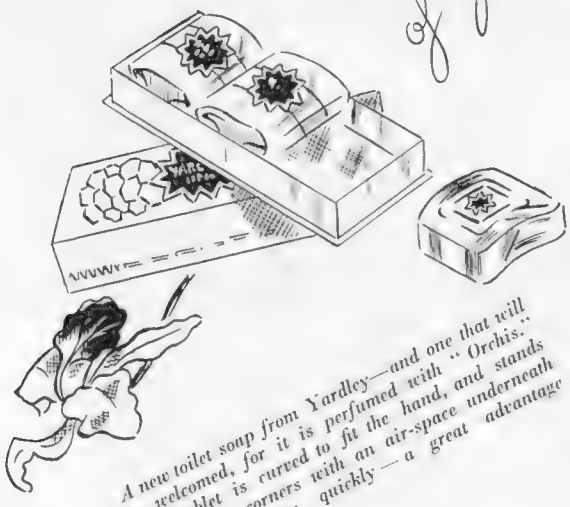
the bystander twins in search of novelties



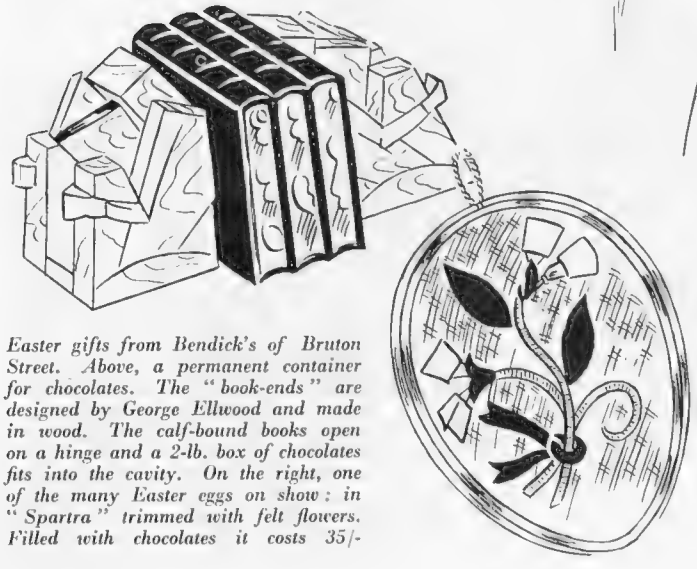
Out of doors for Easter, so Lentheric's "Tweed" perfume is the one to choose. Pop one of these sachets into your handbag or pocket—each contains a tiny phial of the perfume, but the fragrance is not released until you crush the sachet



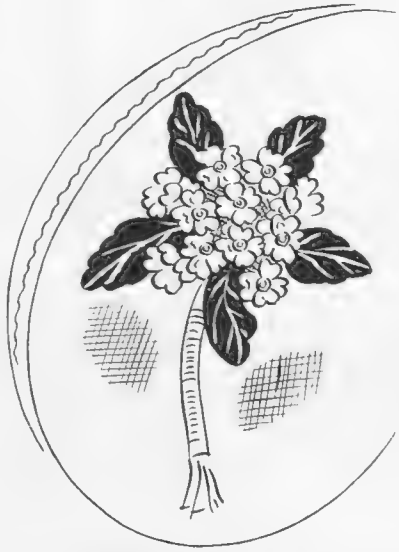
Nothing is more your own than your finger-prints, so here is a silver lighter with the imprint of the owner's thumb on white porcelain let into the side. Should the police ever want you—



A new toilet soap from Yardley—and one that will be welcomed, for it is perfumed with "Orchis." The tablet is curved to fit the hand, and stands on its four corners with an air-space underneath so that it dries quickly—a great advantage



Easter gifts from Bendick's of Bruton Street. Above, a permanent container for chocolates. The "book-ends" are designed by George Ellwood and made in wood. The calf-bound books open on a hinge and a 2-lb. box of chocolates fits into the cavity. On the right, one of the many Easter eggs on show: in "Spartra" trimmed with felt flowers. Filled with chocolates it costs 35/-



Flower posies make a nice "breakfast-table" gift on Easter Sunday. Harrods (Knightsbridge) suggest primulas at 3/11, or mimosa at 2/11 or 4/6. Harrods also have the necklace shown above. It is made in raffia, in simple brilliant colourings, and recommended with beach and informal summer clothes

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Truly has it been proclaimed that if this despicable person knows of a more worthy shell-hole, he should journey thither"

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy Competition

Weston-super-Mare Re-visited

By J. S. F. Morrison

Semi-finalist *J. H. Waylen (Burnham and Berrow, 15) beat Leonard Crawley in the first round of the trophy eight, but fell in the last four to Smith at the nineteenth*

Semi-finalist *T. Wood (Hendon, 9) reached the trophy eight to beat C. J. Woodberry by two holes, then lost in the semi-final to Benka, 3 and 2*

Winner, runner-up and trophy: *weather was fine and cold, with a north-easterly wind which made the course play long, for the seventh "Bystander" £500 Trophy meeting at Weston-super-Mare. F. G. Smith, a scratch player from the Berrow Artisans, gets his name on the trophy this year: he beat by two holes H. F. Benka (Brookmans Park, 11) the Middlesex cricketer, who has only been playing golf twenty months. Smith did a fine round of 71 to qualify, which included two sixes*

THE seventh meeting for the BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy was played this year, for the second consecutive time, on the course of the Weston-super-Mare Golf Club. It resulted in a very popular win for Frank G. Smith, of the Berrow Artisan Golf Club, the members of which play on the course of Burnham and Berrow Golf Club, and there is no doubt that the winner thoroughly deserved and earned his victory.

Smith shattered the well-founded superstition that, at the game of golf, the winner of the qualifying test never wins the main event. He led the qualifiers of the Trophy "eight" with the very fine score—under the prevailing playing conditions—of 71. There was a strong and very cold wind blowing from the north-east, which made Smith's performance just as good as those of G. C. Brooks and S. L. Dickinson, when they returned scores of 68, the record of the green.

His only mistakes were at the twelfth hole, a hole of 402 yards, which was played down-wind. Here he was bunkered on the right of the green in two, exploded out over the green, and finally took six strokes for the hole.

Smith uses the full swing, which does not find favour with the modern school of golfers. His long second shots against the wind, both with wooden and iron clubs, were most impressive, and he also chipped extremely well. In both his semi-final and final matches, he finished very strongly.

He was in the semi-final of the English

Seventh eight winner *F. R. Stephen, who beat H. C. Davies 3 and 1 for that honour, makes up cards with a fellow member from Stoke Poges, A. L. Awdry*

Sixth eight winner *E. J. Poole beat K. Holland, J. H. Beaven and T. R. Popplestone on his way to victory: with him is J. G. W. Foster, who reached the final of the eighth eight, lost to Jutsum (p. 478)*

N. V. Bertram and L. G. Crawley: *Bertram reached the final of the second eight to lose to Vowles (p. 478); Crawley qualified with 73 + 2 = 75, went down in the trophy eight's first round*

The Garnetts: *Com. R. P. Garnett reached the semi-final of the seventh eight, T. W. Garnett the final of the fifth eight*

The "Bystander" Trophy Meeting *(cont.)*

R. N. Jutsum and D. M. Hadgkiss

Both these players were on their home course at Weston: Jutsum won the eighth eight, beating Foster 3 and 2; Hadgkiss reached the semi-final of the seventh eight to fall to Davies at the 20th

K. V. Braddon and E. L. Bullimore

Braddon, the only scratch player in the third eight, won it by beating Bullimore 5 and 4 in the final. He had previously beaten J. J. Buchanan; Bullimore beat C. F. Hodges

T. D. O. Harris and A. C. Vowles

Harris plays from handicap 18, lost his first-round match in the third eight; Vowles won the second eight from Bertram (p. 477)—he plays from handicap 5

Championship of 1937 at Saunton, where he took L. G. Crawley to the last green, and was beaten in the final of the West of England Championship of 1930 by the late R. H. de Montmorency.

In the final, Smith beat H. F. Benka, of the Brookmans Park Golf Club, where the latter has a handicap of eleven, by two holes.

Benka is a natural ball-game player: he has bowled for the Middlesex Cricket Club, and played football until he injured his back twenty months ago. It was only then that he started to play golf. Unlike his opponent, he employs the three-quarter swing which is now so popular, and on several occasions played shots quite as good as a scratch golfer expects to. To reach the final of a tournament like this, after only playing the game for twenty months, is certainly rather an astonishing performance.

Another interesting competitor, who was playing, like Benka, in this meeting for the first time, was J. H. Waylen, who has a handicap of fifteen at Burnham and Berrow. Waylen qualified with a net score of 74. His inward half of 41 was certainly a very fine performance for a player of such a generous handicap. He did not appear to be put out in the least by the fact that he had to play his first match against L. G. Crawley.

Crawley let chances slip, and was finally defeated by one hole, by taking three putts from a very short distance on the last green. Waylen hit the ball very cleanly and very neatly, and appeared to know what he was about. He also, unfortunately, has the modern habit of playing terribly deliberately and extremely slowly, and he is certainly no man to watch play when a cold north-east wind is blowing. He is a young man, and is certain to improve very quickly, and I do hope that, as he gets better, he will also manage to play a little quicker.

S. H. Newman, who has helped us so much to organise the meetings at Weston-super-Mare, did the fourteenth hole in one stroke, and was fortunate to find that the Club has the very sensible rule that anyone who performs this feat becomes a guest of the Club for the day, and has not got to dispense drinks to everyone present. I can remember, a few years ago, John Beck doing a hole in one in a BYSTANDER golf meeting at Felixstowe: it proved an extremely costly stroke.

Weston-super-Mare Golf Club supplied the winners of three "eights": the second, the sixth and the eighth—in A. C. Vowles (handicap, 5), E. J. Poole (scratch), and R. N. Jutsum (plus 1). The other "eights" were won by K. V. Braddon (Beaconsfield, scratch), Captain W. S. Wise (Cotswold Hills, plus 2), Peter Squire (Bloxwich, scratch), F. R. Stephen (Stoke Poges, 10), R. C. Batten (Wanstead, 9), B. Strange (Clevedon, 6), and B. B. Johnson (Bridlington, 10).

The bogey competition on the Sunday, was won by D. J. Cagney (North Foreland), who, with a handicap of 7, returned a card of all-square. There was a tie for the second place between L. G. Crawley (Sunningdale, plus 2) and A. L. Awdry (Stoke Poges, 5), with cards of one down.

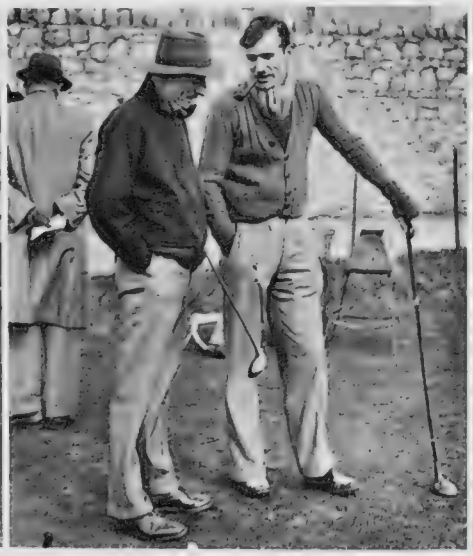
Squire, Stephen, Batten and Cagney were playing in the BYSTANDER Trophy Meeting for the first time. Captain Wise last year won the Gloucester and Somerset Open Championship at Burnham-on-Sea, against a field which included several of our leading professional golfers.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank the members of the Weston-super-Mare Golf Club for allowing us to hold this meeting on their course, and for all the assistance they gave us; and we should like to thank especially their secretary, R. A. Riddell, who worked so hard and so cheerfully to make certain that everything should run smoothly.

I am happy to announce that the eighth meeting for the BYSTANDER Trophy will be played at Weston-super-Mare again next year, on March 16th and 17th.

Messrs. Warren, Peppercorn, Riddell

Warren (10) was a seventh eight player; Peppercorn (7) a tenth eight player; Riddell is secretary of the Weston-super-Mare Golf Club



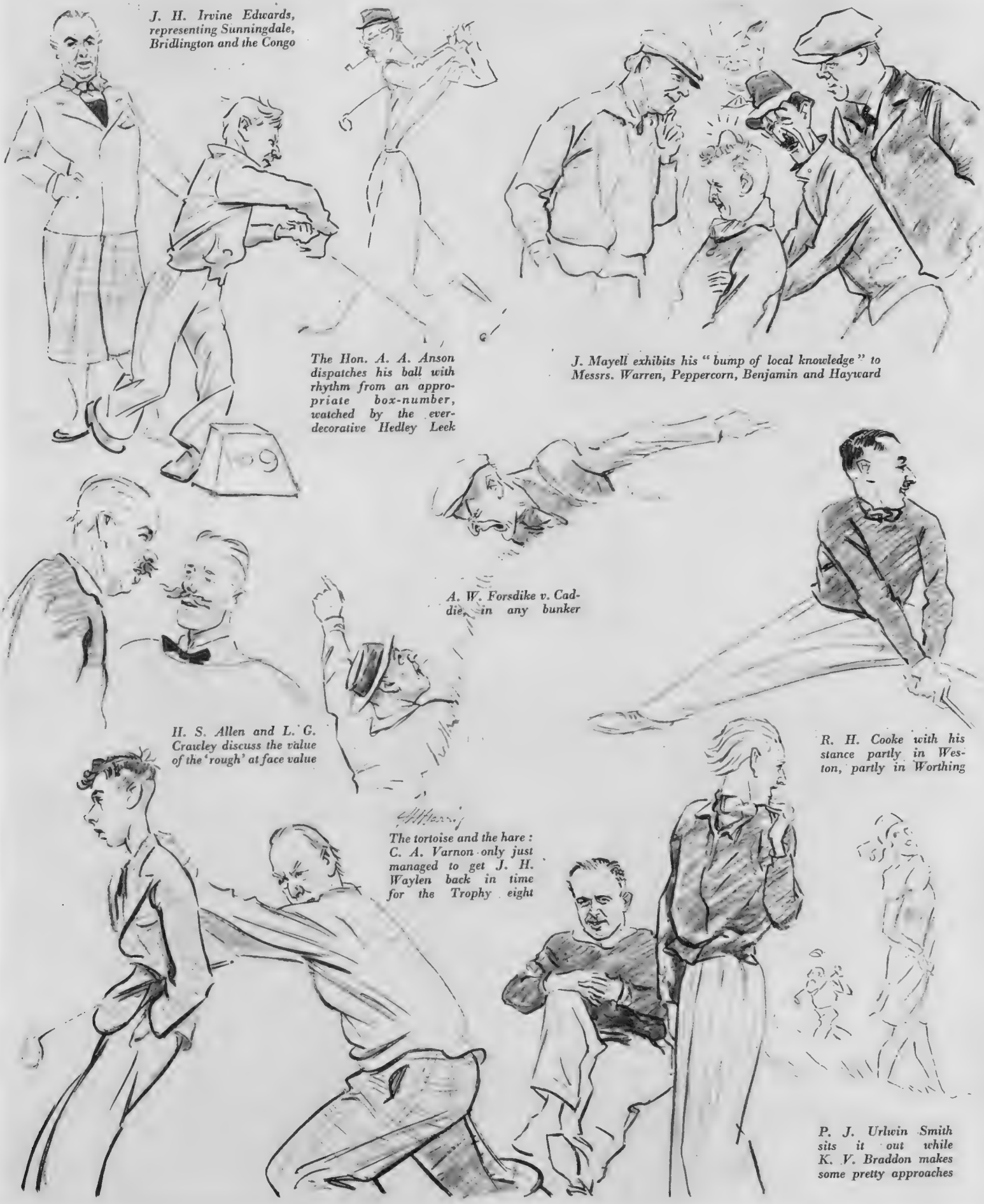
R. N. Benjamin and R. J. O. Meyer

Benjamin reached the semi-final of the fourth eight to lose by two holes to winner Wise; Meyer lost in the tenth eight to Anson

A. J. F. Leek and W. H. Hatje

Leek (13) was a second eight player, reached the semi-final to lose to winner Vowles; Hatje lost to T. R. Jenkins in the fourth eight

First Impressions of "Bystander" Trophy-ists at Weston, by H. H. Harris



J. H. Irvine Edwards, representing Sunningdale, Bridlington and the Congo

The Hon. A. A. Anson dispatches his ball with rhythm from an appropriate box-number, watched by the ever-decorative Hedley Leek

J. Mayell exhibits his "bump of local knowledge" to Messrs. Warren, Peppercorn, Benjamin and Hayward

A. W. Forsdike v. Caddie, in any bunker

R. H. Cooke with his stance partly in Weston, partly in Worthing

H. S. Allen and L. G. Crawley discuss the value of the 'rough' at face value

The tortoise and the hare: C. A. Varnon only just managed to get J. H. Waylen back in time for the Trophy eight

P. J. Urlwin Smith sits it out while K. V. Braddon makes some pretty approaches

The Crown Prince and Princess of Iran

The marriage contract between the Shahpur Mahommed Riza, nineteen-year-old Crown Prince of Iran, and Princess Fawzia, seventeen-year-old sister of King Farouk of Egypt, was signed in Cairo amid great popular rejoicing. In about three weeks, the more elaborate ceremonies of the Iranian wedding will take place in Teheran, lasting four days

English Engagement

The Hon. Nicholas Hyde Villiers, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon's younger son, and Mary Cecilia Georgina Forester, elder daughter of the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Forester, of Laverton House, Broadway, Worcestershire, announced their engagement last week

Scottish Coming-

George Alexander Eugene Marshal Earl Haig, whom Coming-of-age celebrations the historic Border estate him here are his three Haig, the youngest; and

News Reel

People in Pictures From Four Continents

Russian Dancers in New Zealand

Anna Volkova, Tamara Tchinarova, and Kyra Abricossova are three members of Educational Ballets. The wide-open spaces of Australia and New Zealand have made most of these Russian dancers into enthusiastic horseback-riders. They toured in New Zealand in February, and are now back in Australia for their final Melbourne and Adelaide seasons before they return to Europe. The dog Stepka, which belongs to Tatiana Riabouchinska, unfortunately has to stay behind

Charles Chaplin and Walt Disney

Chaplin and Disney have presumably made more people laugh between them than any other two men since the world began. At Santa Anita, in California, they rather solemnly watched horse-racing together

Age : Earl Haig and His Sisters

uglas Haig, second Earl, and son of Field- succeeded in 1928, was twenty-one on March 15th. k place the following week-end at Bemersyde, which Lord Haig is the thirtieth Laird. With ers. Lady Alexandra Haig, the eldest ; Lady Irene dy Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the married one

Christening of the Heir to a Viscounty

Michael Canning William John Baird, christened at St. Columba's, Pont Street, is the son and heir of the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Baird. His father is the elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven. His mother was Delia Loyd before her 1935 marriage

Anglo-French Street Entente

Right : a satellite entertainment to the sun of the French President's visit was the Bond Street Association's party. Mr. Duff Cooper stands between M. Geston Vuitton, president of Les Amis des Champs-Elysées, and Mr. G. Dines, the Bond St. Association's president

Sergeant's Suit for Wallace Beery

Fitting suits bores Wallace Beery as much as most people, but he stands like a rock while the tailor pads his rather sloping shoulders. This was for "Sergeant Madden," in which Beery has the name-part and Josef von Sternberg directs. Beery's last was "Stand Up and Fight"

French Holiday

Mr. David Lloyd George took his usual spring holiday this year in the South of France, and was photographed, white hair windblown, playing golf at Nice. He was seventy-six in January

Swiss Holiday

Ex-King Boris of Bulgaria has been staying at Lucerne. He emerged for his morning promenade, leaning on his stick and attended by Favetto, the manager of his hotel, the Palace. He is seventy-eight this year, lives in Coburg, while his son, Boris III., sits on the throne he abdicated in 1918

In the group on the left are (front row) R. H. Guest, G. A. Walker, R. S. L. Carr, J. Ellis, P. Cooke, R. E. Prescott, H. B. Toft (captain), J. Heaton, H. F. Wheatley, T. A. Kemp, G. W. Parker; (back row) T. F. Huskisson, D. T. Kemp, R. M. Marshall, J. K. Watkins, G. E. Hancock, W. O. Chadwick, J. Peel, E. J. Parsons, D. E. Teden, J. T. W. Berry, F. G. Edwards

The English Team—and Reserves—that Beat Scotland at Murrayfield for the Calcutta Cup

Sportfolio

On the right, John Langley, the Cambridge captain, drives from the seventh in the intervarsity match at Royal St. George's, which Cambridge won by 9—3. Langley played with Mann in the foursomes against Forster (white sweater) and Oxford captain Laurie (dark sweater), a halved match; in the top single, Langley beat Laurie 7 and 5

Cambridge Won the Golf Match for the Fifth Time

Winner of the Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park

Major M. G. Roddick won the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park on his Fillip, was led triumphantly in by his sister, Miss Dorothy Roddick. He won this race last year on Kilstar, heavily fancied for the National last week

Mr. Mervyn Vernon won the Manners Cup race in the Grenadier Guards' point-to-point meeting near Pickwell, Melton Mowbray, riding his Kitty to victory. With him on the right is his wife, Lady Violet Vernon

Winner of the Manners Cup

W. C. Choy and L. Shaffi

Shaffi became covered courts champion when he beat Choy, the Chinese Davis Cup player, in the final at Queen's Club. This, plus victories over Shayes and Henkel, puts him well in the running for our Davis Cup team

An Improving Tale

Lord Henry, when he was a child
Was—well, to put it mildly—wild;
He was, in fact, a little limb
Of mischief. If one said to him
"Do this or that—it's good for you",
The child immediately flew
Into a temper and, for spite,
Would do the very opposite.

When he attained maturer years,
Even among his fellow peers
He had achieved a reputation
Unworthy of his noble station.

His own conception of a lark
Was driving camels through the Park.
His catapult became a source
Of dread to members of the Force.

His parents viewed with grave misgiving
So riotous a mode of living.
And said to him, as parents do,
"Dear child, this is not good for you".
To which he merely answered "Pshaw!
I've heard that silly tale before".

But soon his strength, beneath the strain
Of such excess, began to wane.
It waned and waned—with the result
He scarce could lift his catapult.

His parents went to every length
To give Lord Henry back his strength.
The wretched fellow merely gibed
At everything that they prescribed.
At last they sought a synonym
For "something that was good for him".
They placed a Guinness by his bed.
"How do you fancy that?" they said.

Observers who were present state
Lord Henry did not hesitate.
He drained the glass and in a while
Remarked with an engaging smile
"I knew we should, at last, agree
On what is *really* good for me".

Lord Henry, happy to relate,
Is now a pillar of the State.
Which, unequivocally, shows
What goodness from a Guinness flows.

G.E.845.A.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Our Foursomes; also Miss Pam Barton's Double

One Day Spring Foursomes
and
Scottish Foursomes Entry Forms
are on the inside of the back cover.

Northern Entries close March 31st.

On a morning when the headlines in the daily Press are, to say the least, uncomfortable, it is steadying to work out the entrance forms for BYSTANDER One Day Spring Medal Foursomes, which are to be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 2nd, and BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes, billed for Turnberry a week later. And these are extremely pleasant prospects, not only by themselves, but because each event has such a delightful adjunct. No sooner has somebody won the One Day Foursomes over the East and Centre courses at Wentworth, than Wentworth's Open Scratch Foursomes tournament starts over the East. There will be any number of couples wishing to have a tilt at Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Jessie Anderson, who hold both events, and the club are making a big effort this year to make the foursomes as widely known as they deserve. They are such a fine chance for lesser lights to meet the best in match play, and for those best to get the practice together which ought to be so invaluable for future internationals.

The London Foursomes, of which more in a moment, proved how effective unknown couples could be. These were played over Wentworth's West Course, sending home some very weary golfers; that tigers' preserve is *not* to be the scene of any of these May foursomes; lovely it may be, but too long.

As for Turnberry, the remodelled Ailsa course is where Mrs. Eckford Wallace and Miss Purvis Russell Montgomery will defend their Scottish cups, Miss Anderson her Scottish Championship, and, the day before the Foursomes, the Girls' Golfing Society are holding a meeting over the same lovely links. Miss Brennan, 21, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent, is responsible for the arrangements for that one day, so any Girl—with a big "G"—past, present, or future, should apply to her. It all seems a long time ahead, but the weeks fly, Easter intervenes, and the wise enter now.

To go back to London Foursomes. It seems, once again, that class will tell in the long run, and nothing really stop the best winning, if they produce their real form. That was what a number of the high-sounding couples, such as Camberley, failed to do; and what even Royal Mid-Surrey did only intermittently at first. But Mrs. Armstrong made noble contributions in the early stages, and by the time she was wilting here and there on the last day, Miss Pam Barton had found herself, and was hitting some glorious shots. She may not be the perfect foursome golfer who never puts a foot wrong, but she has the capacity, when at the top of her form, for producing the match-winning shot in a crisis, exactly after the manner of Miss Cecil Leitch. Thus it was in the final. Roehampton had hung on to a slightly precarious but persistent lead most of the way out, thanks to Mrs. Gilligan's wooden play through the green and Mrs. Hicks's long driving and putting. At the fourteenth, Royal Mid-Surrey took the lead, only to lose it at the fifteenth, after reaching some destination unknown in the rough. The sixteenth was halved; the seventeenth looked like going to Roehampton when Miss Barton strode into the picture with a quite perfect long high pitch, so dead that the putt had not even to be holed. That, indeed, was that.

Perhaps that pitch will do more for Miss Barton than win that hole, or even the Foursomes, coveted as they are. The win has broken a superstition for her. In 1935, '37 and '38 Miss Barton started the season by winning the Roehampton Gold Cup—and virtually nothing else of major importance. 1939 has begun by giving her the London Foursomes and then the Gold Cup, a fine double for one week. Such a field as there was against her, too; for Roehampton had done what probably every big club will soon be doing—cut out distinctions which they consider needless. Accordingly, Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Wanda Morgan were both playing, as well as virtually every low-handicap within miles of London, and some from far away, such as Mrs. Peppercorn, whose 79 took second scratch after a tie with Mrs. Hicks, and Miss Doris Park from Scotland itself. Miss Barton's 75 was magnificent golf in the high wind and bitter cold, the ball hit far and straight, and rolled into the hole with delightful touch, and that old fighting spirit seizing on a bit of luck and making the most of it. She swept the board of every single medal-round award, only the merciful dispensation of the conditions allowing Miss Maureen Ruttle, Mrs. Hicks, and Miss Morgan to peck up a few crumbs after she and Mrs. Wylie (Miss Phyllis Wade) had taken the pick.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (17th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1939, will be held at Hesketh, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 18th to April 21st. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Mrs. H. Somerville and Miss D. Green.

HOTELS

The address of Miss Helme during the Foursomes will be PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, SOUTHPORT. *'Phone:* Southport 4131. Special terms to competitors there will be—
14s. 6d. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
17s. 6d. ditto, with afternoon tea and table d'hôte luncheon in addition.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Southport are—
Hesketh Park Hydro Hotel (nearest to course): from 12s. 6d. per day, all meals inclusive.
Kenworthy's Hydro Hotel, Southport: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast.
Palace Hotel, Birkdale: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast. 15s. 6d. per day, all meals.
Sandhurst Private Hotel, Southport: 9s. 6d. per day, dinner bed and breakfast.
Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport: 14s. 6d. per day, all meals.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing as soon as possible. Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 31st should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. The eight pairs with the lowest joint handicaps will be seeded.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (8th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Mrs. Stephenson.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Hesketh during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 18th, to Friday, April 21st, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Hesketh, may decide.

HESKETH **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Seventeenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Hesketh, on April 18th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....
To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 14th, to Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport. *Telegrams and Telephone:* Helme, Southport 4131.

A dual-purpose car with an outstanding performance — the perfect form of fast and luxurious travel for every season of the year

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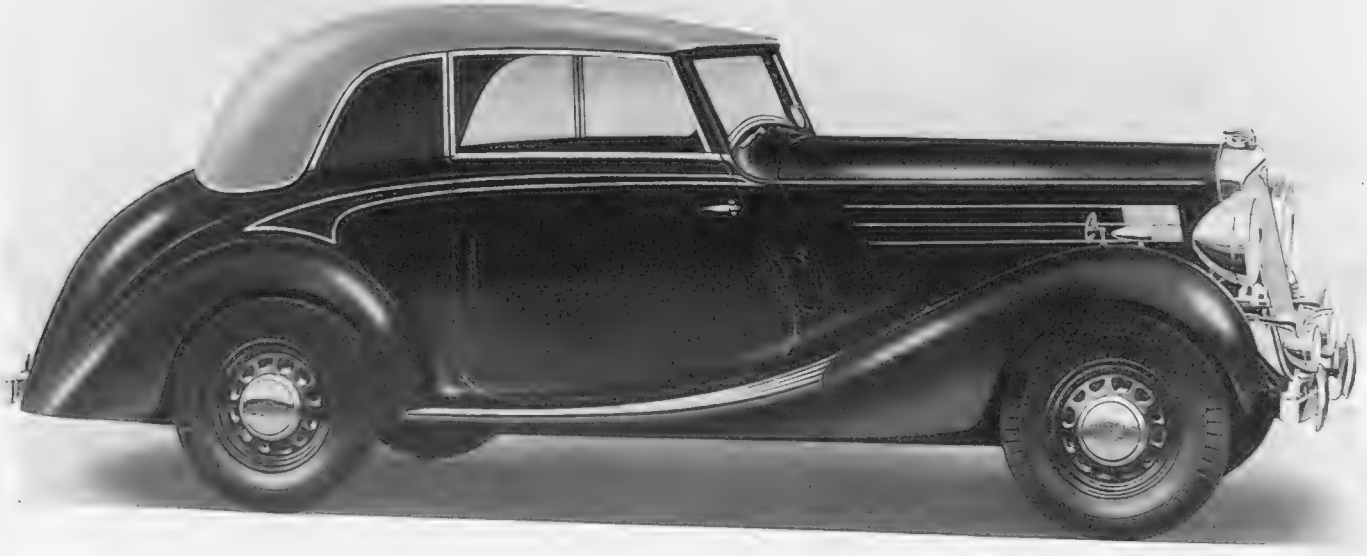

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Striking contrast between a "Wellington" bomber and the maze which is the Thames. The "Wellington," built by Vickers on the geodetic principle, has two "Pegasus" engines and is one of our most formidable types for attack

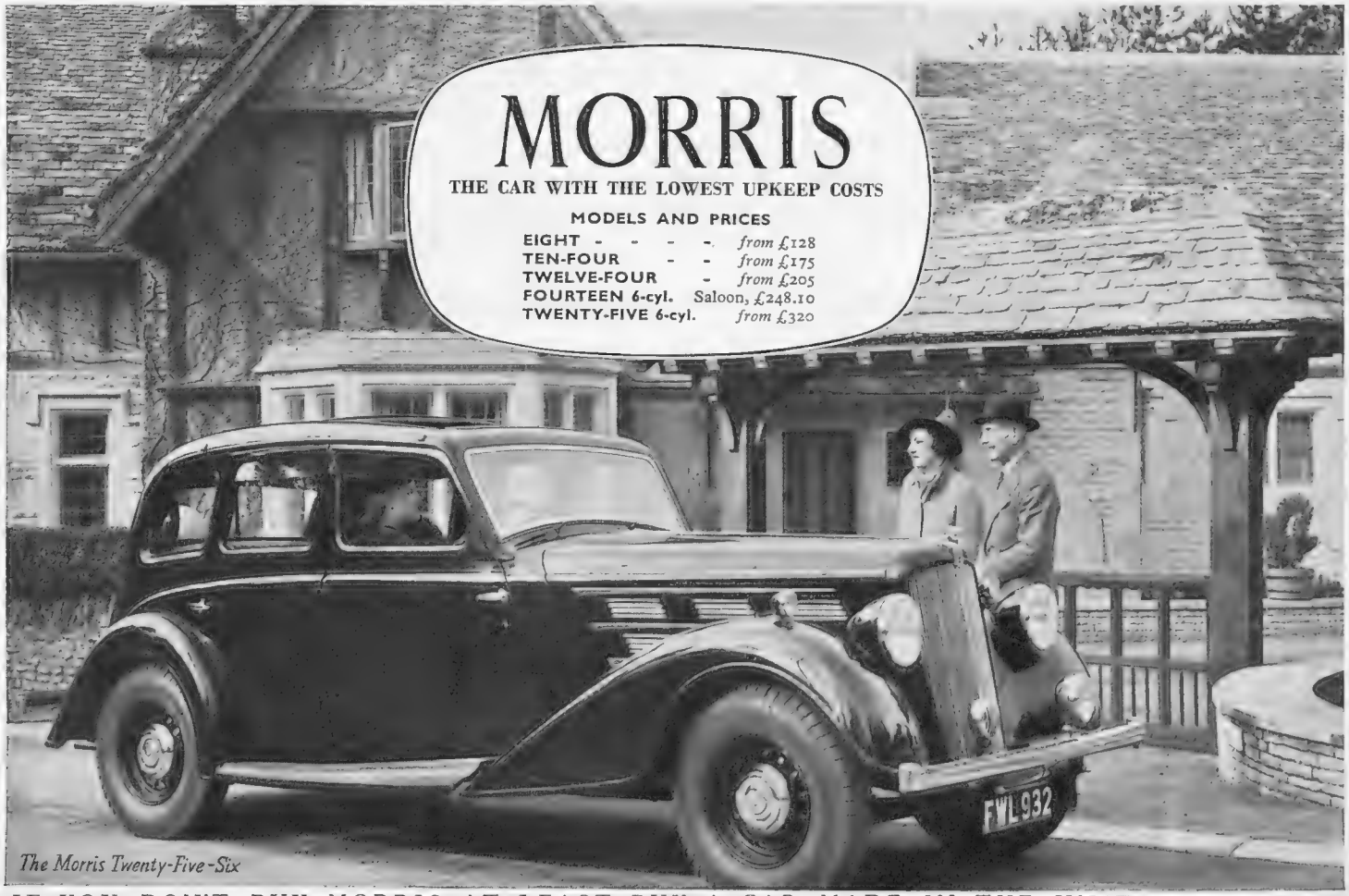
Air Racing and All That

By Charles Ward

THE Royal Aero Club announces that the race for the King's Cup will be flown in September and that an entirely new formula for handicaps has been devised. A leading provincial airport, and presumably one owned by a municipality, will provide the grandstand for the event. The lowest speed for handicap is fixed at 140 miles an hour, with no limit on horse-power. It is intended that the skill of the pilot should be pitted against that of those veterans at the handicap business, Messrs. Dancy and Rowarth, who will have to allot marks after each 100 miles up to 300, after which the last 100 miles will produce the winner. It is to be a pylon race over a course of no more than 20 miles, so that machines will be in view continuously. This method is similar to the one used for the National Air Races in the States and should produce plenty of thrills. Pulling is to be barred, or, rather, penalised by loss of marks if spotted.

IN addition to the Cup presented by his Majesty, there will be cash prizes to the total value of £1000, put up as usual by Lord Wakefield, and further prize money for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy. This latter is for light aircraft and the race will be interleaved with the main event of the day. Minimum speed in this case is 85 miles an hour. All entries will be capable of making really tight turns round the pylons, thus providing a pleasant contrast to the speed merchants who will have to fly higher and wider. New types for the C.A.G. and for sportsman pilots who can afford to buy and fly a low-powered aeroplane will have an excellent chance of proving their worth

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD states that the service to Buenos Aires will be operated throughout by flying-boats. An experimental service will be started, if possible, before the end of the year. The route to be followed is via Lisbon, Bathurst, and Natal in Brazil. Britain has already in existence a fleet of four "transatlantic" flying-boats, which are scheduled to inaugurate a North Atlantic service in June, and will probably be seen over the South Atlantic later in the year, when ice closes down the northern seaplane harbours for the winter. They belong to a batch of nine monoplanes developed from the standard Empire boats. The transatlantic craft, which may be loaded up to approximately 24 tons, differ from the Empire boats in their superior structural strength; their sleeve-valve power plant; installation of special apparatus for refuelling in mid-air from a "tanker" 'plane; and provision of a retractable transparent observation dome for navigation by the sun and stars. Three of these boats are ear-marked for the Australia-New Zealand service



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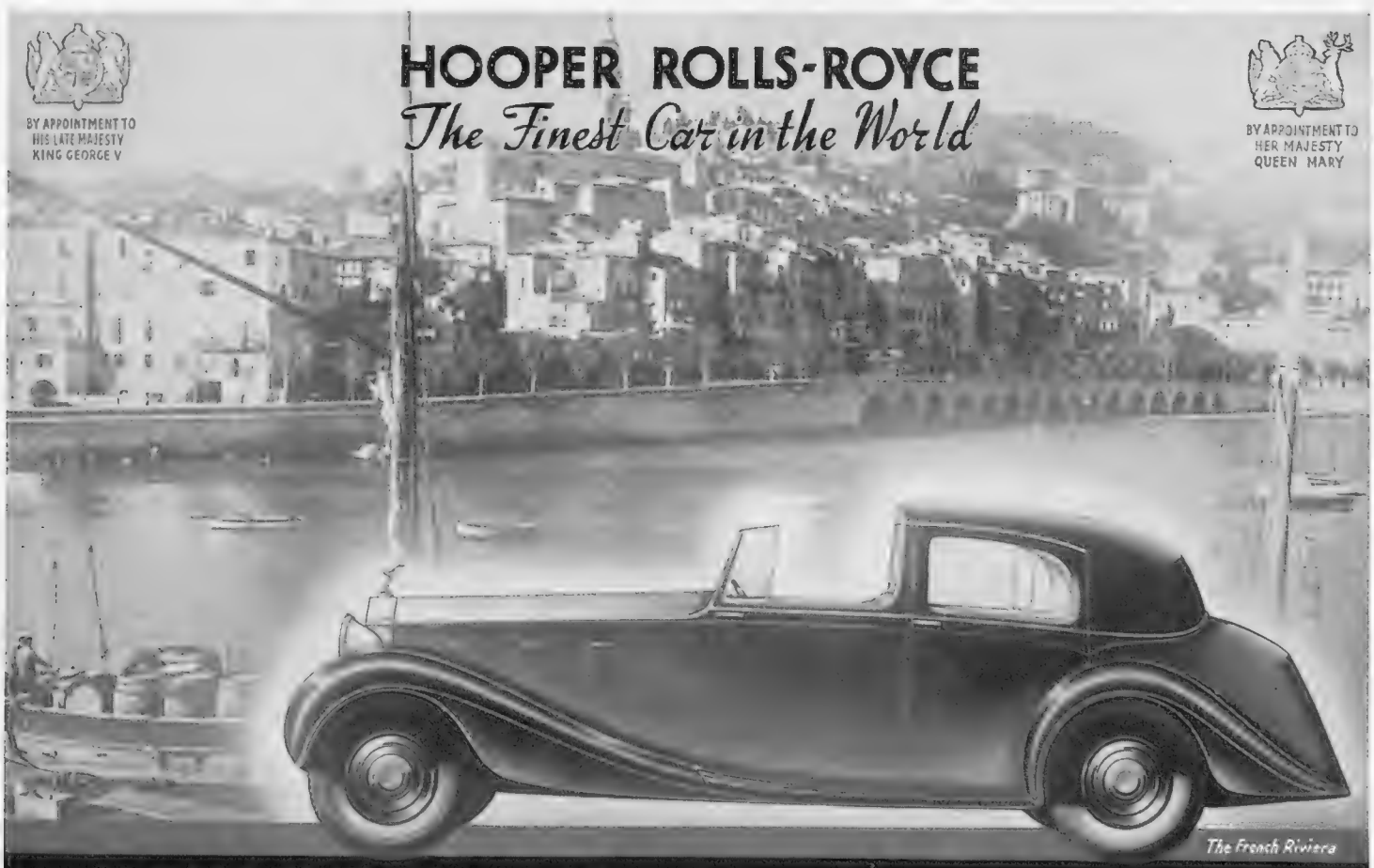


The French Riviera

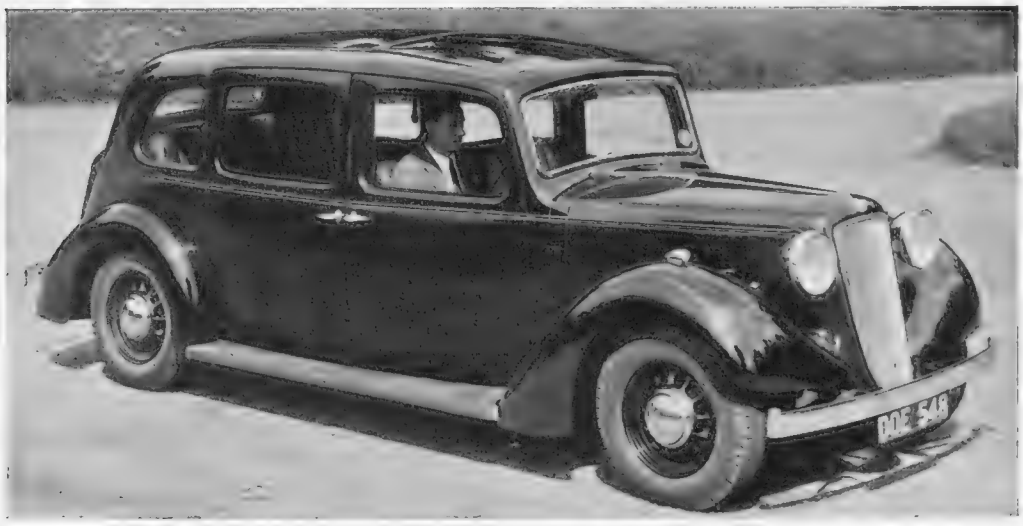
HOOPER & Co. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD. 54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY. LONDON. S.W.1

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE total entry for the R.A.C. Rally is 224, and of this number, 107 are open and 117 closed cars. Forty-six different makes are represented, eleven of these being foreign, and thirty-five British. There are 98 in the group for cars over 15 h.p.; 50 in that for cars between 10 and 15 h.p. and 76 in the group up to 10 h.p.—the last-named figure being the biggest entry ever received in this section of the Rally. M.G. is the make best represented, with 24 entries, with S.S. as the runner-up with 23.

Luxury cars are well represented by Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Lagonda, Daimler, Wolseley, S.S., Delahaye, Alvis, Jensen, Humber, Lanchester and Railton. The new Raymond Mays, of which four are entered, will arouse considerable interest, as will the team of new sports Singers. Amongst the smaller cars are teams of the new Wolseley "Ten," Austin "Eight," Standard "Eight," and Morris "Eight." Three interesting foreign cars are the "Mercury," a product of the Lincoln works; a German D.K.W., and another American—the "Bantam"—a small car of 8 h.p. Two of the Wolseleys—one the winner of the Prix d'Honneur in the Monte Carlo Rally, and the other, which spent many hours immersed in a river during its trip to South Africa—will be of particular interest to the public. The Daimler sports tourer is another new car whose performance will be closely watched. Twenty-two cars have, up to the present, been nominated for the ladies' prizes.



The Austin "Eighteen" "Windsor" Saloon

Mr. Hess writes about this week

SO startlingly-well received was the new Austin "Eight," when it was introduced not long ago, that its small frame tends rather to overshadow its more grown-up relations. I recognise, of course, that youth will be served, but when the parents are worthy of respect, I like to see them accorded their just measure of homage, too.

A month or so back, I tested the Austin "Eighteen" over a week-end, and I cannot speak too highly of it. It is a supremely comfortable car, with the additional admirable qualities of a lively performance coupled with safe manœuvrability at all speeds. The six-cylinder engine provides quite unexpected acceleration abilities, while I found all the

(*Concluded on page* vi)

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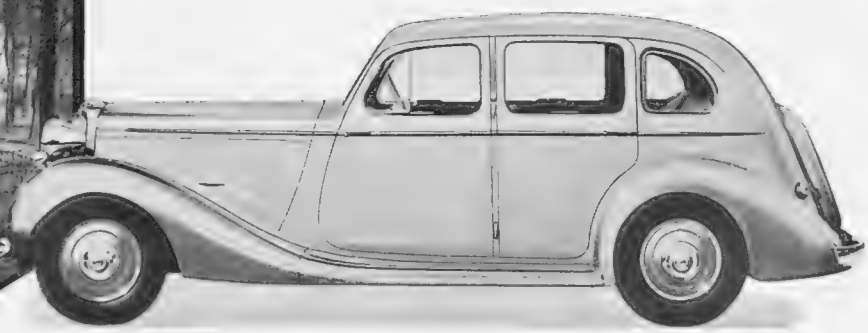

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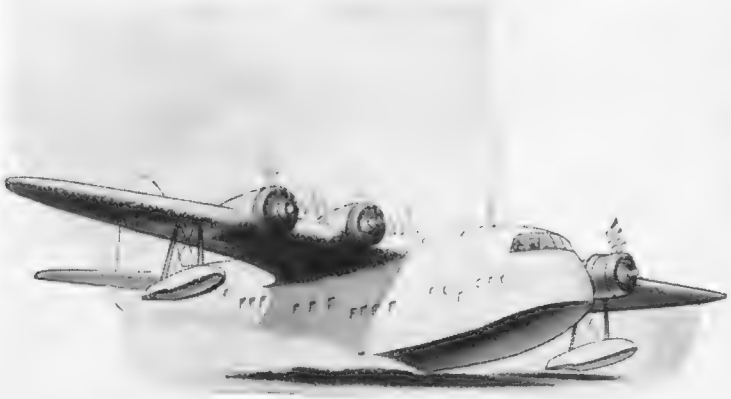

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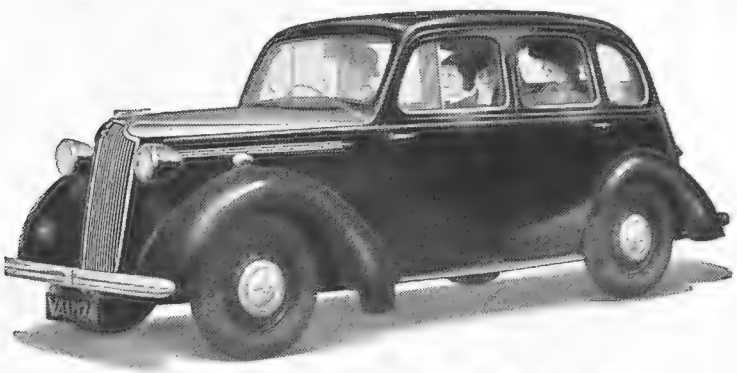

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DEPENDABILITY—PERFORMANCE
COMFORT — ECONOMY

A Wolseley at Ludlow

The Wolseley "Twenty-five" drop-head coupé is seen above the Shropshire town. This car is priced at £498

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

controls most conveniently placed. The Girling brakes were positive and smooth, and the riding silence was most congenial.

In criticism, I would say that I do not care overmuch for its broadside-on appearance, the bonnet striking me as being disproportionately short in relation to the very ample seven-seater body—an illusion which is heightened by the fact that six windows are provided in addition to that at the rear. One particularly noteworthy feature of this super-comfortable car is the absence of a transmission tunnel, or foot-wells—a refinement which I commend to the attention of other manufacturers. The gear-box-controlled reversing-light on the Austin "Eighteen" is another of "those things" which stamp this as an admirably-thought-out design.

The actual rating of the engine is 17·9 h.p., which entails an annual tax of £13 10s., and I must say, in all sincerity, that I simply cannot imagine how such a well-finished, capaciously comfortable and efficient car can be turned out at prices ranging from £350 to £383.

FIVE years ago, Mr. Humphrey Cook founded a British racing team called the English Racing Automobiles (E.R.A.). Entirely at his own expense, he has maintained and raced these cars ever since, with conspicuous success.

The building of racing cars and the running of them is not an activity that can result in financial profit; so that Mr. Cook's action in sponsoring E.R.A. can be set down as being entirely due to his love of the sport, and to his desire to see an English car compete successfully against the many foreign challengers. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Humphrey Cook, having spent approximately £75,000 on these cars during this period, has announced that he will be compelled to curtail his support of E.R.A. at the close of this year.

There are now four new cars, built or in process of building, which Mr. Cook is confident will be capable of performances equal to, or better than, those of any of their Continental prototypes; but a sum of approximately £12,000 per annum will be required to race and maintain them. Of this sum, Mr. Cook is prepared to contribute approximately one-third, and a British Motor Racing Fund is being launched to raise the balance of £8000 per annum.

Many notable men have associated themselves with this appeal, the trustees of which are Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., Colonel Sealy-Clarke (R.A.C. chairman), Captain G. E. T. Eyston, M.C., and Sir Algernon Guinness, Bt. Members of the sporting and motoring public are invited to contribute now a minimum of £1, and to contribute a further similar amount in January, 1940 and in January 1941. It is hardly necessary to state that there is no limit to the amount you may subscribe, and your generous support is essential if this team of racing cars is to continue to uphold British prestige in the eyes of the world.

Readers wishing to associate themselves with this effort should pay their subscriptions into any branch of the Midland Bank, for the credit of the British Motor Racing Fund, Midland Bank, 237, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

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N.CC.472.A

Dispossessed *(Continued from page 460)*

Brewster; but they stood together against Catherine. Catherine and her old Irish father were different—interlopers.

"Oh, you know I love Catherine," Dolly spoke quickly. "Only there are times like this, when one feels she 's—well—alien."

"She is, of course, but she 's sweet. And you must admit she 's a sport. She doesn't carry on about being hard up, like most of the new rich who have lately become the new poor. But, of course, she can't understand having a feeling about your land. How could anyone have a feeling for Graystone, built at the peak of American bad taste? It 's a grim pile, appropriately named, I will say. Of course Catherine can't understand——"

Catherine Fair came in. Her gold-red hair was bright above her plain black suit. She looked like a very small lion, a very beautiful, good-tempered lion. After they had seen her, people realised that her broad-browed face, with its gentle mouth, could be called heart-shaped. But Catherine, in spite of her small frame and her deep blue eyes, suggested no such valentine phrase.

"What can't I understand?" She hoped they would think she had heard only the last phrase. Lucy's voice had carried into the hall, and Catherine couldn't very well lurk there with the parlour-maid. Catherine managed to keep her voice and eyes untroubled as she put the question.

"We were wondering, darling," Lucy said, "if you would think we were fools to feel so badly about Washington Square. It 's a difficult emotion to describe. We feel lost—uprooted——"

"I think I understand," said Catherine.

She didn't, they knew. But she listened. And Lucy wanted to talk of her morning, of standing before that monstrous pile of little flats, of Lucy Howard, homeless . . .

"I felt sad and indignant, too. Rightly indignant. To think that we, and the people like us, are being swept away by our inferiors, by foreigners, the Irish and the——"

Lucy stopped. Catherine's eyes were dark and bright, and not gentle at all.

Lucy was contrite. "I don't mean you, my sweet; you know you 're not the sort of people I mean."

Catherine smiled briefly. After all, she loved Tony.

"And you must be feeling a little badly yourself—about Graystone, I mean."

"Oh, no: that 's not the same." Catherine's voice sounded indifferent and tired. "After all, father and mother only built Graystone the year before I was born. I feel I was fortunate to be able to sell it."

"Yes, Dolly and I were just saying that."

"Oh Lord," Lucy thought; "it 's impossible to talk to Catherine about these things. She doesn't understand, and she makes one sound like a tactless beast."

"What do you think of Tony's offer from the Johnston people to do that development near Detroit?"

And the conversation turned with a jerk, but smoothly, after that, to other things; to Dolly's small pink and gold daughter; to Lucy's summer plans.

Presently Tony Howard appeared. He kissed his sisters, and lightly touched the top of Catherine's head with his hand. He looked down. There was a crust of mud on the heel of her shoe. "Were you in the country this morning?"

"Yes; I had to have a final discussion with the Mother Superior. It was strange to see how quickly the house has become a convent school." Catherine's voice was carefully unemotional.

She hadn't had to go. She had gone very early through the pale spring morning. She had driven through the city, so much more city than when she was a child, through the familiar stately countryside, with occasional glimpses of the Hudson. She parked the car just inside the gate. She touched the high spiked iron fence set in a granite base, she put her foot on the ledge and remembered a bare brown foot in a white sandal, remembered walking along the ledge awkwardly and triumphantly. She walked up the drive. The tall trees were black and leafless, but it was beginning to be spring. At this time of year, there used to be small blue flowers with furry stems. She remembered when she knew seasons by the smell and the feeling when she awoke, the angle of the sun in her room. In winter, she had almost always known when there was snow outside by the colour of the light on the striped white wallpaper in her bedroom. The grounds had shrunk, the house appeared a little more quickly than she expected. But the pine-trees her father had planted had grown with her, so that they seemed not to have changed, and the big maples and oaks were still tall when she looked up, remembering their leaves shaking and shining in summer sun and wind.

A little nun opened the door. The Reverend Mother would be free in a few moments. Would she like to wait here? "Could I wait upstairs in the library?" Indeed, yes, in the student's library; she knew her way. The little nun disappeared.

Catherine walked slowly up the shallow steps. She looked back at the wide hall leading to the beautiful closed doors of the drawing-room. She wondered what they had done with that lovely room. It had been so becoming to its crystal and gilt and silk, and to ladies' dresses. The doors and the hall were blank. The house had withdrawn. The nuns had come and brought their atmosphere of austere contentment.

Catherine stood in the library. She looked through the broad window at the curve of the Hudson, that would be partly hidden when the leaves came; at the lawn sloping down. Her mother's portrait used to be over the mantel, that young mother whose painted likeness had long ago effaced her daughter's faintly-remembered recollection of her. In Mrs. Fair's place there was now the picture of another Catherine—the Patron of Learning.

The books were different. She remembered her father's books, sets elaborately bound in red and blue, with gold letters on their backs. They had seemed as rich and beautiful to little Catherine as to old Matthew. She touched the unfamiliar backs of the convent's sober volumes.

She was lost, her place was gone. Never again would any soil be hers. Her land was wrenched from her. It wasn't like Tony's Washington Square that embraced the past; only her past—the frame of everything she knew. Graystone wasn't part of history. "Only my history: all I have." All any heart has. Little Catherine was gone; and young Catherine. "I, Catherine, and my place and the trees that grew with me."

The Mother Superior came in. There hadn't been anything to say, really. "I just came to see if everything is all right; if there is anything I can do."

Catherine sat for a moment or two very straight and polite in a new slippery brown chair.

Driving back to New York, she knew she wouldn't come again. Graystone was gone. The children would come in the fall and make it theirs.

And she mustn't say anything to anyone. She would be funny at her own expense. And Lucy would say: "The Irish have a curiously heartless quality; I suppose that 's what makes them so witty. Not you, my sweet; you have their wit, but we all know your dear heart." Well, they didn't. She 'd show this part of her foolish heart to none of them, not even to Tony, and so he would be a little her enemy, her dear enemy.

Dolly and Lucy were talking about Washington Square as Catherine looked up straight at Tony. "How did you know?"

"He 's very good-looking," she thought, "big and fair, and his eyes almost black, kind eyes, but proud, not like a small spaniel's."

"By the mud on your beautiful small shoe."

He took her away. They walked uptown from Lucy's apartment.

"Have they been mourning the homeless household gods?"

She wouldn't let him in, she wouldn't shed her poor new tears for him. "Oh, well, you know how they are." She took his arm in a sudden gesture that tried to be friendly. "Tony, do you think we 'll go out to Michigan? Do you think you 'll take that job with the Johnston people?"

"It 's a big chance. I think I 'd be good at small houses. I 'd like to have a try at it."

They turned, as they always did, at Fifty-eighth Street, and stood by Riverview Terrace looking down at the water.

"Catherine, don't be angry with Dolly and Lucy. They 're right not to be sorry for you."

She took off her hat and folded and unfolded its brim.

"It 's different for you."

"We all see that very clearly, Tony dear."

"No, you don't—not clearly. I know how you feel about Graystone. It 's how I felt about our house. It makes us alike to have grown up the same way, with the continuity that you get from one background. We both grew up in a nice safe world that was going to last for ever, only it didn't."

"You don't think we 're alike. You belong with them." She hadn't spoken, but he answered.

"Yes, you and I are alike. But Dolly and Lucy aren't like us. All they have is the past, other people's past. Washington Square gave them stature, kept them from being little people. They 're afraid, their background is gone, and they 're lost. They 're the end of something. They really are lost. We 're not. I can get along, build some houses, maybe. Anyway, take care of you. And you 're not lost—not really. You 're sad and forlorn, but not lost."

"But I am, Tony." Tears pricked at her eyes.

"No, you 're not. You 've got what your father had; what the early Howards had when they set forth from their old world for this new one. You can set forth again, Dolly and Lucy can't."

"It 's true," she thought. "Graystone is lost, and little Catherine and young Catherine, but not I, Catherine."

She let the tears through. They didn't matter. She wasn't ashamed of them or afraid.

"I 'll like going with you, watching you build your houses." She looked affectionately at these little New York houses on the river's edge. Dear Tony, not her enemy, not even her dear enemy. He and the little houses and this blue day and their love suddenly made a pattern, and she stood silent as she foresaw and almost imagined a far-away time when she would try to remember the pattern of this single turning minute.

"Tony, it 's true—what you say, I mean. This is the beginning for us. We aren't lost, not you, Tony—not I, Catherine."

THE END

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pares — Rae-Smith

Lieut.-Com. Anthony Pares, R.N., youngest son of the late G. L. Pares, and Mary Rae-Smith, only daughter of Sir Alan and Lady Rae-Smith, of Furzedown, Limpsfield, Surrey, were married at St. Peter's, Limpsfield

Simpson — Newey

Colin Percy Simpson, younger son of the late A. L. Simpson, and Mrs. A. L. Simpson, of Harrow, and Daphne Mary Newey, only child of Captain and Mrs. H. N. Newey, of Colaba, Bombay, were married in February at the Afghan Memorial Church, Colaba, Bombay

Fremantle — Culme-Seymour

David Fremantle, younger son of the late Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle and the late Lady Fremantle, and Patience Culme-Seymour, daughter of Lieut.-Com. Evelyn Culme-Seymour, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Culme-Seymour, of Nairne Lodge, Edinburgh, were married at Brompton Oratory

Henley — Sole

Captain Michael G. H. Henley, the King's Regiment, younger son of the Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Henley, of Ardeley, Herts., and Marjorie Clara Sole, daughter of Brig. D. M. Sole, of North Clifton Hall, Newark, Notts., and the late Mrs. Sole, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Warden — Barnes

Captain Geoffrey Percival Warden, 3rd Carabiniers, only son of P. A. Warden, of Windmill House, Lichfield, and the late Mrs. Warden, and Bridget Aston Barnes, of Vrondeg Hall, Wrexham, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Barnes, of Northern Bengal, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Chaworth-Musters

Is the second daughter of Captain and Mrs. Anthony Chaworth-Musters, of Bingham Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset, and is engaged to David William Rayner, Lancashire Fusiliers, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rayner, of Perrymead, Bath

Tunbridge

Brenda Mary Bean

Is engaged to Lieut. William Frank B. Webb, R.N., eldest son of Major and Mrs. W. Harcourt Webb, of Spring Grove, Bewdley, Worcs. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Bean, of Lawnswood, Stourbridge, Worcs.

Cannons of Hollywood

Margaret Patricia Cross

Is engaged to George Oliver Budd, youngest son of Sir Cecil and Lady Budd, of Burley Hill, Ringwood, Hants. She is the daughter of the late Edwin Cross, Nigerian Civil Service, and Mrs. Cross, of 10, West Park Rd., Blackburn, Lancs.

(Concluded on page D)

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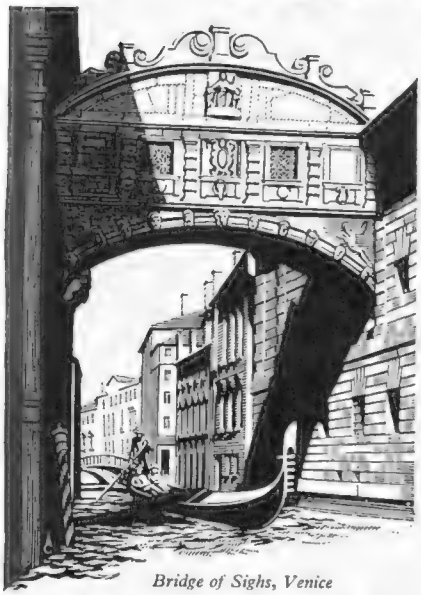

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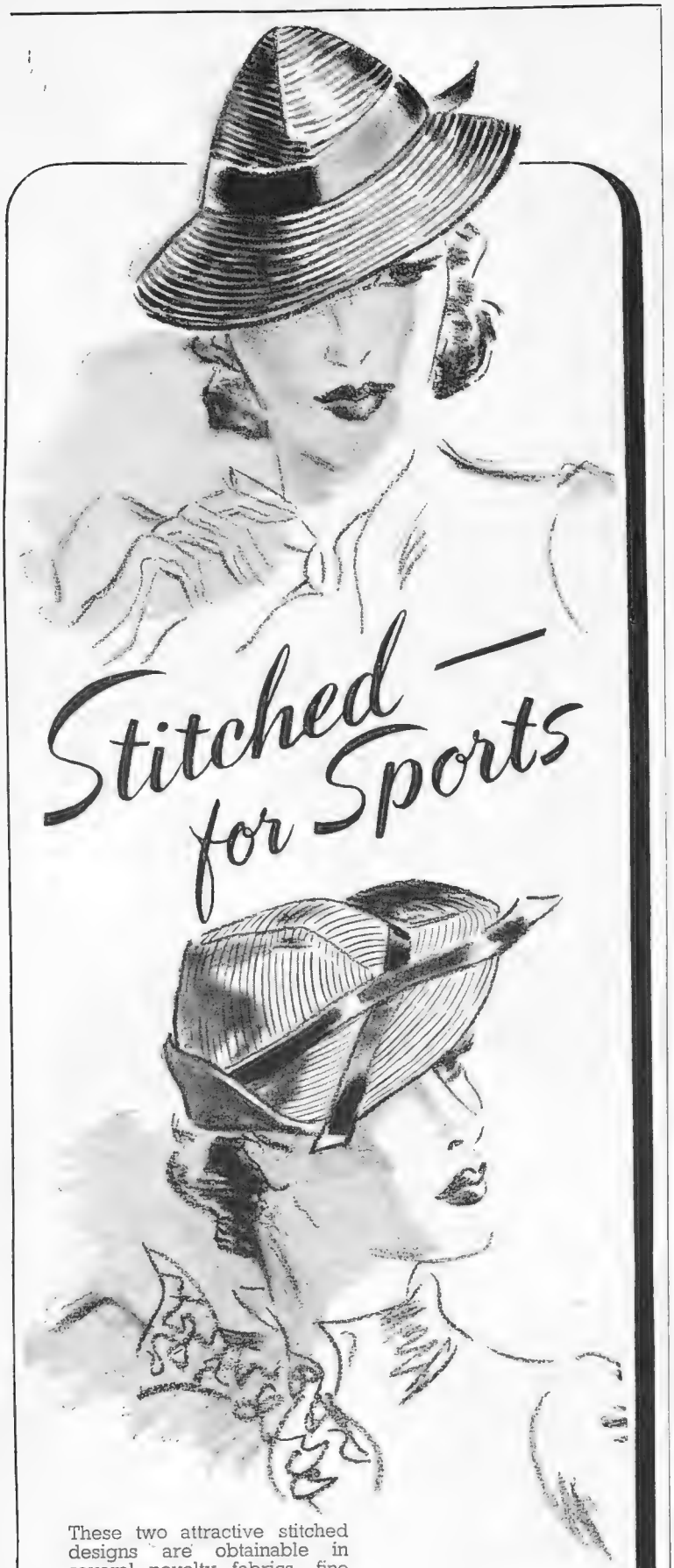

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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Sasha

Rosalie Crutchley

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. V. Crutchley, of 81, Berkeley Court, N.W.1; she is to marry Ian Danson Cunningham, only son of Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Cunningham, D.S.O., D.F.C., of White Wells, Ascot, and of Mrs. H. E. Murray

Lenare

Pleasance Margaret Gawith

Is the elder daughter of Mr. P. V. Gawith, of Pretoria, and the late Mrs. Gawith, and has announced her engagement to Brian Johnson; he is the second son of Sir George and Lady Johnson, of Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia

Marjory Lacey

Esmé Henderson

Is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel N. G. B. Henderson, D.S.O., (late) the Black Watch, and Mrs. Henderson, of Lyncroft, Otford, Kent, and is engaged to Robert Fawcett, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Fawcett, of Hatton, Sevenoaks, Kent

Bassano

Dickie Hogan

Esmée Beryl (Dickie) Hogan, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and the late Mrs. E. M. A. Hogan, of Sandhurst, Berks., is to marry Lieut. (E.) Walter Henry Forbes, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. V. Forbes, of 15, Woodborough Road, S.W.15

Conrad Nockolds

Margot Bell

Is the elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Bell, Indian Army, and Mrs. Bell, of Belvedere Terrace, Brighton; she will marry in India Captain Thomas Alan Moody, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Moody, of Lynwood, Littleham, Exmouth

Catherine Bell

Anne Darlington

Is the daughter of Lt.-Col. A. J. Darlington, D.S.O., and Mrs. Darlington, of Oak Lodge, Southwick, near Fareham, Hants.; she is engaged to Lieut. Maurice Erdeswick Butler Bowdon, R.N., elder son of Lieut.-Col. W. E. Butler Bowdon, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bowdon, of Southgate House, Chesterfield, Derbyshire

From the

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 29—April 4

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood: Whitehall, 8.30.

DRACULA.—A revival at popular prices of Bram Stoker's famous thriller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FAMILY REUNION.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse does not succeed like *Murder in the Cathedral*, because it is about a modern aristocratic family: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's next-life pilgrimage with Ralph Richardson as the pilgrim: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY FANNY.—A musical version of the Jerome K. Jerome farce; Marius Goring and Lucie Mannheim in the leads: Duke of York's, 8.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET.—Another excellent scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOTHER.—Karel Capek's last and most moving play, with Louise Hampton in the name-part: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MRS. VAN KLEEK.—Nancy Price plays the name part—a tyrannical hotel proprietrix—in a play from Elinor Mordaunt's novel, supported by Pamela Stanley: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SUGAR PLUM.—Light conjugal comedy with Kay Hammond and Ronald Squire heading a good cast: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey are Katharine and Petruchio: Old Vic, 8.0 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy at the expense of Yorkshire morality: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Called an intimate rag, this slick, quick variety has Frances Day and Vic Oliver topping the bill: Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes and opera stars, with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode, is the setting for Ivor Novello's new musical with Mary Ellis: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 118.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Anthony Buckley

"Tony Draws a Horse"

Diana Churchill has been promoted from precocious maiden parts to a young mother in the family play which has settled down at the Strand

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Adelphi (6.25 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS.—A new play by a new playwright, with Mary Clare at the head of the cast: St. Martin's, to-night, 29th.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Komisarjevsky's production; Vivienne Bennett as Katherine, Alec Clunes as Petruchio; opens the Stratford Festival: Mon., 3rd.

CINEMAS

CAFÉ SOCIETY (American).—Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll in a tale of spoiled darlings at play: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DRAMATIC SCHOOL (American).—Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard lead a crowd of pretty girls who pretend to be keen on the theatre: Empire.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder; Françoise Rosay: Academy.

THE GREAT WALTZ (American).—A welter of Viennese romance with Strauss as a mythical central figure; Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravey: Tivoli.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Gaumont.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (American).—Carole Lombard and James Stewart in a well-acted exposition of domestic troubles and joys: London Pavilion (from Mon., 3rd).

MARTHE RICHARD AU SERVICE DE LA FRANCE (French).—A true spy story, with Edwige Feuillère and Erich von Stroheim: Berkeley

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic, realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice, Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS (American).—An inconsequential story of precocious children and their adventures: New Gallery.

ST. LOUIS BLUES (American).—A generous display of good fellowship and showmanship in a *Show Boat* atmosphere: Plaza.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again: Leicester Square.

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (American).—Crazy comedy made crazier by ghosts, with Constance Bennett and Roland Young: Odeon.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

WINGS OF THE NAVY (American).—Patriotism and submarines and flying-boats and George Brent and Olivia de Havilland: Warner.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 29th, 8.

LAC DES CYGNES II., HOROSCOPE, RENDEZVOUS.—Thurs., 30th, 8.30.

TANNHÄUSER.—Fri., 31st, 7.30.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Sat., 1st, 2.30.

ROSENKAVALIER.—Sat., 1st, 7.45.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Mon., 3rd, 8.30.

HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, HAUNTED BALLROOM, PATINEURS.—Tues., 4th, 8.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber Music

GIGLI: Albert Hall, Sun., 2nd, 3.

HUBERMAN: Queen's Hall, Mon., 3rd, 8.30.

MONDAY "POP."—The Griller Quartet in Boccherini and Sibelius, Eric Hope (piano), in the Van Dieren variations: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 3rd, 5.45.

Orchestral and Choral

R.P.S. CONCERT.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. and the Royal Opera Choir in Mozart, Bartok, Bizet, and Delius's "Appalachia": Queen's Hall, Thurs., 30th, 8.15.

PEOPLE'S MUSIC FESTIVAL.—A musical pageant with 500 singers, 100 dancers, Parry Jones and Paul Robeson: Albert Hall, Sat., 1st, 8.15.

FLEET STREET CHOIR.—Supported by Aime Wood and Medvedeff's Balalaika Orchestra: Conway Hall, Mon., 3rd, 8.15.

SERENADE CONCERT.—The London Symphonic Players under Menges, with Smeterlin and Pougnet, in a Mozart, Beethoven, Scarlatti, Chopin, D'Indy programme: Æolian Hall, Mon., 3rd, 9.

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The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (15th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 2nd, 1939.

Holders: MISS WANDA MORGAN and MISS JESSIE ANDERSON.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 21st, 1939.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (15th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 2nd, 1939.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 21st, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor by April 26th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (16th Year)

At Turnberry (Ailsa Course), May 9th to 12th, 1939

Holders: MRS. ECKFORD WALLACE and MISS PURVIS-RUSSELL-MONTGOMERY.

Entries close Friday, April 21st.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

TURNBERRY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by Friday, April 21st, 1939.

The "BYSTANDER" LADIES' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES at Turnberry (Ailsa Course), May 9th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No.*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after May 4th to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone or Telegrams: Turnberry 202.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 21st.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The TURNBERRY HOTEL offers competitors special terms of 17s. 6d. per day, inclusive of all meals. Miss Helme will be there from the evening of May 7th.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be begun at Turnberry during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

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